

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



VOL. XLVIII. - NO. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 2447.

**MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN**  
NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE  
Official Organ of the N.E. Agricultural Society.  
**LINUS DARLING,**  
PROPRIETOR.  
ISSUED WEEKLY AT  
PLOUGHMAN BUILDING, 45 MILK ST., BOSTON.  
TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. \$2.50 IF  
PAID IN ADVANCE. Postage Free. Single copies  
FIVE CENTS.  
No paper discontinued except at the option of  
the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.  
The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to  
advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the  
most active and intelligent portion of the community.  
TERMS OF ADVERTISING: One square of eight  
lines, one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion,  
50 cents.

## AGRICULTURAL:

### HARROWING YOUNG CORN.

It is coming to be pretty well understood that there is not much profit in growing corn or potatoes upon land that is so stony that it must be tilled by the hand hoe.

There is a good deal of land even in rough and stony Massachusetts where corn and potatoes may easily be grown by horse power, and without barn-yard manure, at least if other fertilizers are used; to do this well and profitably needs a field of ten or fifteen acres in extent without stones, such as the sandy plains and drained meadows of Plymouth County furnish in great abundance.

The tools required are a good plough that will turn a sod flat, a drill or other machine to sow the fertilizer, a corn planter, a smoothing harrow and a horse hoe.

With these tools we have known corn to be grown in large fields, and so free from weeds that only a few had to be pulled by hand, and no hand hoeing or working with the potato hook done at all. The yield of corn and potatoes by this method is very satisfactory, often being fifty to sixty bushels of shell corn per acre, and 200 or more of potatoes.

It seems to us, however, that the harrow described in the letter from Mr. Ives printed in another column, is better than the Thomas smoothing harrow generally used for this purpose, though we have never seen it in operation.

### WORKING BULLS.

We believe that the bull is not naturally a vicious animal; he is full of life, vigor and energy; and this energy must find some outlet or it will burst out, like steam in a boiler without a safety valve, in destructive violence.

Bulls like active boys must be worked to keep them out of mischief, and in good healthy condition. It is a matter of common observation among cattle breeders that bulls kept in close confinement are apt to become impatient as well as vicious far earlier and more frequently than those which have had the advantage of free range in pasture or of judicious exercise.

One of the most docile farm teams we ever had the pleasure of seeing at work, was a pair of young Jersey bulls which were used upon a stock farm to do the ordinary farm work in cart and plough. But it will be said, the common farmer does not need more than one bull; very well then get a collar for one bull alone. It is made like an ordinary horse collar open at the top with short straps to buckle it in place. Over this are buckled the hems for traces or cart collars.

The cattle are worked both single and double in Switzerland and in some parts of Nova Scotia by a yoke lashed to their horns by means of a leathern thong and it is said that they work thus far easier than in the ordinary farm yoke, especially in holding back on a descending grade.

We do not see why this kind of yoke could not be adapted to the single animals. There is a great deal of light work to be done around the farm where bull power can be made to count, and even in stormy weather there is no reason why we cannot turn the pent up energy of our stock getter to account by working him in a tread-power such as is used for horses.

Let him churn the milk or cream that his consorts the cows have yielded, let him cut the hay or corn stalks, saw the wood, pump the water, and turn the grindstone, and he will be both more tractable and a far surer stock getter than if confined in unnatural idleness.

Bulls when young are like steers far easier to break into work than when older; but it can be done with a little patience and care even when they are several years old. Let his majesty understand that the treadmill is not a place of punishment; bait him into

it with a measure of grain, and feed him there a few times before he is required to work, and always feed him there when he does work with some little dainty and he will soon take to it kindly.

Do not overwork him, he will not bear so hard or constant work as a horse, let him breathe often, and not work over three hours on a stretch, and you will get a good deal out of him and convert him from a source of terror to a source of profit.

### MILCH COWS.

There is always a good market for good milch cows and heifers among the milk men near Boston, and other large markets; why not give attention to supplying this demand?

The farmer who can get into Brighton market at this time of year, or a little later, with a good springer is pretty sure to sell her well, probably better than in the spring. For this trade large milkers are wanted. Grade Ayrshires, Holsteins and Jerseys are among the best breeds for the purpose.

### RECLAIMING BOG LANDS.

Editor of THE PLOUGHMAN:

Some fifty years ago, I read in the Maine Farmer of that period an interesting account of an experiment in reclaiming bog lands in the town of Concord in your state. I have not the paper now at hand, but think the proprietor of that experiment was one Col. Moore. As there is much land of that character in the State of Maine, I am desirous of ascertaining what is the state and condition of that land now after a lapse of fifty years, and what have been the reasons of keeping up its fertility in the intervening time. My own theory, corroborated by some experience, is that such lands contain only one principle required to make a perfect soil, and that is carbon. A little ammonia is usually found in such soils, but excepting this, all the other ingredients required must be supplied. A little sand or gravel is necessary, but this mainly as an amendment to prevent baking, and forming a hard crust. After preparation in this way, the application of any manure commonly used in farming will usually produce a good growth of almost any farm products.

Perhaps I may as well relate the experience to which I alluded. On the border of an extensive meadow there was a small plot partially drained, and the sand already supplied from an adjoining hill. This I prepared by spading, two spades deep on a part, one spade deep on a part and the rest merely ploughed. I applied common barn manure, giving about such a dressing as I was in the habit of giving to my other land, perhaps ten cords to the acre. On this sowed peas and oats on a part, and planted beets on another. The peas and oats did well, also the beets as on the best of my lands. The next year, without any more manure, I sowed barley and seeded down with herbs, grass and Alsike clover. The barley grew well, but did not fill well. The grass for a year or two was a very large crop, but finally dwindled and died out, leaving only the wild grass natural to the meadow. It is known that in New England most lands require manuring to produce a paying crop. Whether bog lands, with the same manuring, will pay as well as other lands, will depend somewhat on the cost of reclaiming.

ALBERT PEASE.

Our correspondent doubtless refers to the late lamented Capt. John B. Moore of Concord whose experience in reclaiming bog land for grass is recorded in the report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for 1886, (page 138), from which we quote:

"Still there is another phase to the question of reclaiming land with the farmers of Massachusetts. They are men of comparatively small means; when they reclaim land they want to do it in such a way that they can immediately see a return for the money they invest. I have land that was soft and unproductive that has been reclaimed simply by thoroughly underdraining it. That, with proper fertilization and tillage, has made it good land. In front of my house I have one piece of land containing about seventy acres which is very nearly level, and all susceptible of cultivation after being put in proper condition. That land before it is reclaimed is utterly worthless,—worse than that, because it costs something every year to take care of it. Our work of reclamation is done in the winter. We go over the ground and cut off the bogs or tussocks, and put whatever is taken off in holes, if we can find any. Then there is a sand hill within thirty rods. We put on three inches of sand; and three inches of sand over an acre means not far from four hundred cubic yards. I have figured that as costing me twenty cents a yard.

"I don't want you to understand, because I say I have been using fertilizers on this land, that I do not believe in anything else, for I believe in using all the manure I can get, and fertilizers in addition; but this land being on the distant side of the farm, it is more convenient and less expensive to put fertilizers on it than to cart manure. I have applied eight hundred pounds of super-phosphate to the acre, and seeded it down about the first of May. That eight hundred pounds of super-phosphate delivered on the ground, has cost me \$15.20. I have called the labor of putting

that on, the cost of seed and harrowing it in, \$5. There is nothing to do to the ground, only to slightly harrow it and cover the seed with a brush harrow. You may think I am telling a big story, but I have cut from an acre of that reclaimed land a ton and a half of hay the first year. I would not call it exactly rowen, but it was pretty good stuff to feed to cattle. There was a ton and a half to the acre, and it was seeded last May.

"Last spring I used Bradley's phosphate; I used the year before, with the same result, Bowker's. I don't think there is much difference in those two articles, and I presume there are others just as good. I should not try either of them if I could get the crude material. I have called that hay worth \$12 a ton standing. That would make the improvements on that land stand me in to-day \$82.20. The other pieces that have been treated in the same way for the last three or four years, have produced two and a half tons to the acre for the first crop, and a heavy second crop afterwards. Those pieces have been run with fertilizers from the beginning. No loam has been put upon that land,—nothing but sand, and fertilizers added. I think it will continue as productive for some time to come.

"I put on eight hundred pounds of fertiliz-

ing material to pull the plow and another horse to drag the plow back, and two or three men to handle the plow, because it was rough and bad ground to turn over, and that made it pretty expensive plowing. I plowed three or four acres of that sort of land, and it produced a moderate crop; and afterwards, there not being substance enough in the land to hold up a horse, we were obliged to put sand on it, as we had done on other pieces. It is a curious fact that although we had been to all this expense of plowing, this land is not so productive,—will not grow grass as well as the other portion of the land that has not been plowed. Whether it is because we turned up so much material from the bottom, I do not know, but the result shows that on land of that character it is advantageous to put on your sand first. The sand has left that land so that horses can mow it by machinery, rake up the hay, cart it, and do anything of that kind. If you sow your grass seed on that plowed land without the use of sand, what do you find? You find that there is but slight siltation in the stalk to hold it up; it falls down when it is about eight inches high; and it will run back to wild grasses. I do not expect to live long, but I have got about ten acres of that kind of land left yet, and I want to see that

cleaning out once a year. A coarse iron grating at the upper end of the arch just below the catch basin serves to keep sticks, leaves and other floating rubbish from choking the drain.

On either side of this main drain or arch we laid ordinary sole tiles, thirty feet apart leading from the high land at each side of the swale to the main drain, care was taken in laying the tiles to give the ditches a regular uninterrupted fall through their whole length, and in order to prevent sand and mud working into the joints the tiles were covered over with two inches of spent tan bark from a neighboring tan yard; wherever the bottom was a soft peat or quick sand, strips of hemlock board were laid under the tiles to keep them in line, and small stones were placed on each side of the tiles at the joints to hold them in place.

These drains have worked perfectly for fifteen years and we see no reason why they should not continue to work for a life time; in one or two instances the tiles have become obstructed by sand in places where there was little fall and the bottom sandy; but a few hours labor sufficed to dig them up and relaid them.

are to be traced to injudicious use of corn meal; but horses fatten rapidly on it and it is cheaper than oats; to make it a safe article of diet we would advise mixing it with the same bulk of wheat bran or feeding in connection with oats and some root, say one half peck of carrots daily.—Ed.

### STABLE RULES.

The following sound advice, given by The Sportsman to horse owners, should be printed on a placard, and tacked up in every stable:

Never allow any one to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment, and does not understand the joke. Never beat the horse when in the stable, as nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure causes thrush.

Use the currycomb lightly. When used roughly, it is a source of great pain; brushing and rubbing are the proper means to secure a glossy coat. Let the heels be brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes sore heels.

When a horse comes in from a journey, the first thing is to walk him around until he is cool. The next thing is to rub him dry. This removes dust, dirt and sweat, and allows time to recover, and the appetite to return. Also have his legs well rubbed by the hand; nothing so soon removes a strain.

Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up in the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits.

**PICKING AND PACKING APPLES.**

Very much depends in shipping apples either to a domestic or a foreign market, upon the way in which they are packed. If small and knarled or wormy fruit is mixed with sound and good, the whole will be sold at the price of the poorer specimens; but if care is taken to assort them evenly, and pack them carefully they will sell, especially in the English market, as soon as the brand becomes known at a price that will pay well for the care required; indeed a little care in such matters often makes all the difference between profit and loss in shipping goods.

The apples when picked should be carefully piled in heaps under the tree, and there allowed to "sweat" as it is called for a week or two. Should very cold weather occur before they are barreled, they can be easily covered with canvas, but usually they will need nothing of the kind.

In filling the barrels pack 2 tiers of apples at the bottom, then fill, pouring carefully from the basket, and shaking down after every basketful; pack two tiers at the top so that they will be rounding up in the middle about an inch higher than the chine; place on the head and crowd it down by means of the lever or screw and secure it, and you will have a package that will arrive at its destination in good order and command the top of the market.

Some packers take great pains in assorting their apples, making three grades, the No. 1 being the largest and highest colored apples from the outside of the branches; No. 2 the smaller but high colored ones; No. 3 the greener but sound fruit from the shady side of the tree. All inferior, bruised, wormy or wind-fall fruit is fit only for cider or vinegar.

### GARDEN NOTES.

Don't forget to gather a good supply of forest leaves for covering pits, etc. They are the best thing to be had except near the sea-coast, where eel grass is preferred. As fast as land can be cleaned up spread a good heavy dressing of coarse manure and plow it under. Land thus prepared will work earlier in spring than if left without working in the fall.

Now is the time to gather and sow seeds that have matured. Pick the heads of the plants containing the seeds on a dry afternoon, and spread them out on a canvas in the loft of some shed until they can be cleaned up. To make sure that rats or mice do not trouble them leave a few squash or cucumber seeds scattered around which have been prepared by splitting them open and inserting a little arsenic or strychnine in the split.

Pansy plants set in the cold frame now will flower in February or March. The seeds of lettuce and radish may be sown now, and the radishes will be ready for sale or the table about Christmas, while the lettuce will not be headed before the middle of January. The glass should now be fixed on cold frames containing parsley, but those containing dandelions will do better to be left open till the ground begins to freeze, about Nov. 20th, or even later. We sometimes do not put on the glass till after Christmas for forcing dandelions. We like to have one bed follow another in succession.

### AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—Never let your hens be without clean water when confined.

—Don't feed your grass fields too long or too closely unless you can top dress them.

—The honey product this year is generally very small.

—The warm weather of early autumn favors vinegar making.

—The frosts have badly damaged the grapes in New England and northern New York.

—The best cider is made by holding back the apples till cold weather, about Thanksgiving time.

—The scarcity of grain in France may force the government to revise the heavy duties on imported grain.

—Cider may be converted rapidly into vinegar by pouring it frequently through a cask filled with hard wood shavings, and open to the air.

—Keep the young pigs growing—don't forget to feed them well, it is like starting a team up hill, to get a stunted animal into thrifty condition.

—The Bay State Show is a great success, and deserves to be so; it does not depend upon side shows, jugglers, horse races or liquor saloons to draw a crowd.

—The advance in price of wheat has affected the price of flour, which is two dollars per barrel higher, and bread which is one cent per loaf higher than formerly.

—We are indebted to the Secretary of the Society of Arts of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for tickets to its meetings which are always useful and instructive.

—Fence posts if well dried and then well soaked in crude petroleum or kerosene oil as far as they are to be set in the ground, will last much longer; not coal tar will do as well.

—It is said that the wheat crops of Germany and France are poor in quality, and also that potatoes are below the average. Germany will have to buy about 36,000,000 bushels of foreign wheat.

—An English observer of the Markets estimates that the wheat crop of the whole world is about 16,000,000 quarters short of last year's. The extra stock on hand however will in part supply the deficiency.

—It is about time for some of our embarrassed Agricultural Societies to wind up their accounts, and join teams with neighboring rural societies; the Agricultural Show may be outdone as well as any other business.

—Many western farmers are fitting up with means to warm the water for their stock in winter. It is believed that this is a saving, especially when cattle are fed for milk. Cows will drink more water when it is warm than when ice-cold, and give milk more regularly.

—The cotton crop at the south is a very large one, over 7,000,000 bales! In consequence speculators in jute bags used for cotton bales tried to corner the market; but the enterprising cotton growers are now bagging their cotton in home-made coarse cotton sheeting.

—"Breed vs. Feed." Dr. P. Amory aptly says upon this subject:—"The quality of milk which a cow can produce depends upon her breed and individuality, and in this sense, the quality of the milk is more dependent upon breed than upon feed. On the other hand the quality which any given cow will produce is very largely dependent upon her feed."

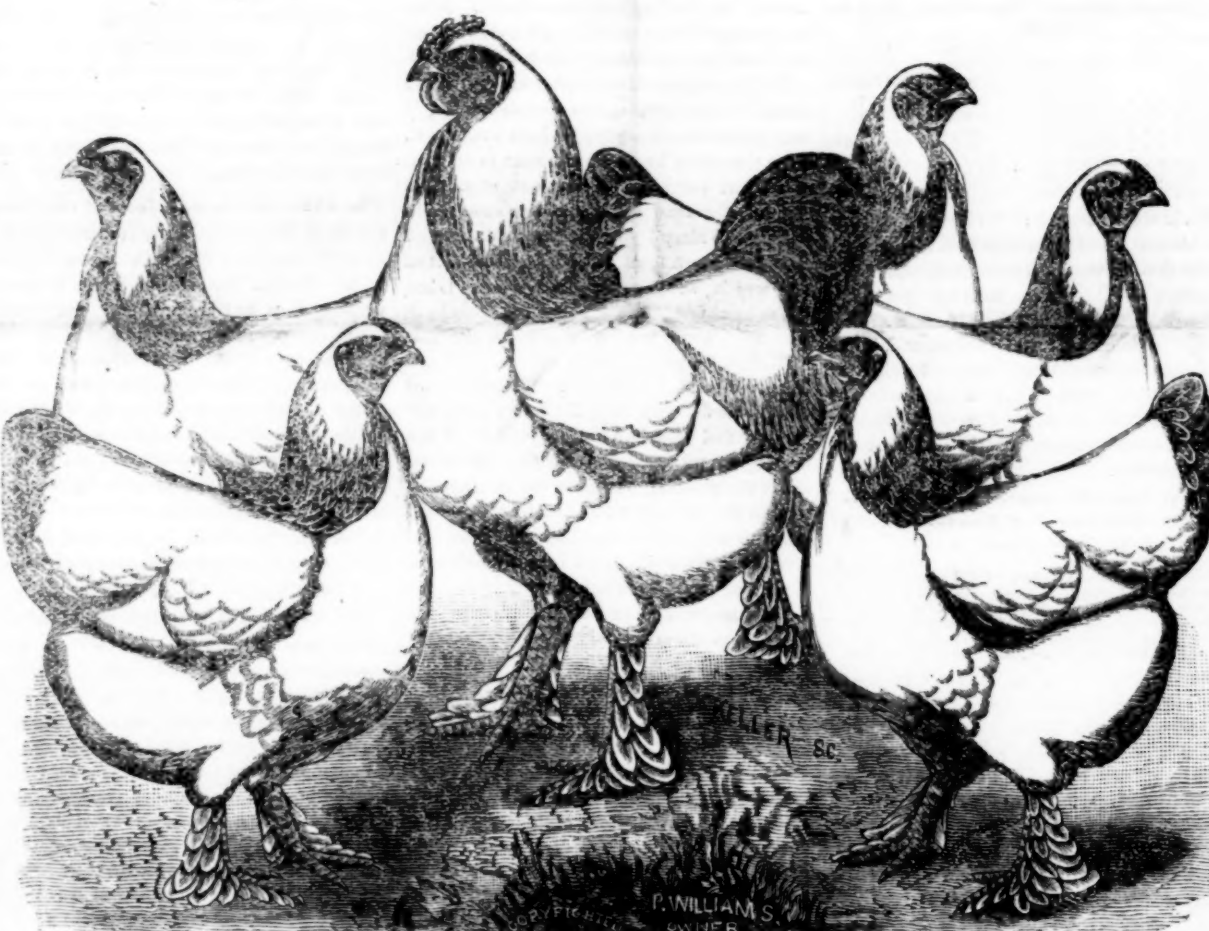
—Barbed wire fence is cheaper than any other fence; the objection to it is that animals sometimes are injured by running against it before they see it. This is easily prevented by throwing up a ridge of earth two or three feet high under the wires leaving a trench at either side; or where there are plenty of stone build a rubble wall three feet high under the wires.

—We have received the bulletin number 2 of the Hatch Experiment Station of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. It contains a paper by Prof. Fernald on the grapevine leaf-hoppers, and remedies on destroying ants and currant worms, and on poisonous doses of insecticides. Also a report from Prof. S. L. Maynard on new and standard varieties of fruit, and the use of sulphur as a remedy for insects and fungi.

—The thirtieth regular and fourth annual meeting of the New England Meteorological Society will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 26, at 3 P. M., in Boston at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, room 14. The Council will present a statement of work of the past year. Papers are expected from the following: Miss Marion Talbot, "Organic Matter in the Atmosphere;" Mr. S. P. Ferguson, "A New Self-Recording Rain Gauge;" Mr. A. H. Clayton, "Diurnal Cloud and Wind Periods at the Blue Hill Observatory."

—We have received from Commissioner Coleman of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, volume 1 number 3 of Insect Life, edited by the government entomologist. It contains notes on the Rocky Mountain locust injuries done by roaches to the files in the U. S. Treasury, on the hop plant locust on the Graptodora foliacea, (a new apple insect of Kansas and Colorado), and a man-infesting locust, steps toward a revision of Chambers' index with notes, extracts from correspondence on the strawberry weevil, and notes on various new insects, etc. Also Bulletin No. 9 of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, being an enumeration of the published synopses, catalogues and lists of North American insects.

—The weekly weather and crop bulletin of the New England Met. Society reports the rainfall of the week larger than usual with cloudy weather, cold, with slight fall of snow in New Hampshire and Vermont. Hard frosts have occurred making ice a half inch thick in some places, and damaging the grapes.



PEN OF LIGHT BRAHMAS, OWNED AND BRED BY PHILANDER WILLIAMS, TAUNTON, MASS.

ers every year. I have used phosphate on that land, but on my other grass land I have used bone, ashes and muriate of potash as a top-dressing, and I do not consider compost manure an economical dressing, as it costs too much.

"For seed, I use almost entirely herd's grass. I do not use any redtop at all; and I will tell you why. The reason why I do not use it is because I sell my hay in the market, and the purchasers will give no more for herd's grass than they will for redtop; and Dr. Goessmann will tell you the same plain of ground will produce considerably more weight of herd's grass or timothy than it will of redtop. I want to get all the weight I can.

"I put on about two and a half pecks of seed or twenty quarts. Some other parts of this land that I sowed two years ago with clover has produced three crops this year. I have to mow it pretty early, because it will fall down if I don't cut it.

"This land is not under-drained it lies in strips about thirty rods long and one hundred feet wide, divided and surrounded by open ditches. It is not troubled by any surface flowage on it.

"I find that the crops on that land, in less than four years, have paid for all the labor and for all the fertilizers, and I have the land left there in such a condition that it would sell for \$200 an acre.

"Now, gentlemen, I am not going to say to those of you who are situated inland, that it would be desirable for you to lay out as much money on an acre of land as I am laying out on this land to which I refer; but I am nearer a market and I am warranted in doing it.

"There is a piece of that land that has been reclaimed in another way, and I want to have you see the difference. The ground, as I told you, was so soft that we could not put a team on it to plow it; but we did plow it. I cannot tell you how much it cost an acre; but it was slow work, because we plowed it by putting a long rope through a snatch-block, with

under cultivation before I leave. I am doing it pretty fast. Now, that is reclaiming land, and reclaiming it in such a way that you will get some money out of it.

"I keep the water three or four feet from the surface, if I can; but if I have not fall enough to do that, I have to content myself with getting it down two feet. There is a brook runs through my land all the way from two to five feet deep. The land is like a sponge. You cut a drain through it and draw out the water, and when you have lowered the outlet perhaps two feet, you will be astonished to find you have not gained more than eight or ten inches by your digging. Your soil simply settles and compacts by its own weight.

"Sand is better than gravel. You do not want any gravel stones. An intimate friend of my father, who was engaged in reclaiming at the time my father was, had no sand on his place, and he tried to reclaim some land by using blue gravel. It was not a success. Sand is the material to use, and almost always where you find a peat meadow you will find sand somewhere near."

Our correspondent began in the right way; but probably his grass failed either from want of top dressing, which is needed as much on reclaimed meadow-land as any where else, or perhaps from imperfect drainage which will rapidly bring in the wild grasses.

Our own experience in this line is confined to about three acres of swale land through which ran a small brook, we drained it thoroughly some fifteen years ago, by carrying a brick arch three feet wide and eighteen inches high, laid on hemlock boards at a depth of three feet below the surface. This was done in a time of drouth, when the water of the brook could easily be dammed back while laying the arch; at the upper end of this arch, where the brook enters, is a catch basin holding about two cubic yards, dug out a foot lower than the bottom of the arch and in which lodges all the mud and sand brought down by the brook from above; this needs

This land has been in constant use for garden crops such as onions, celery, cabbage cauliflowers, lettuce, cucumbers, &c. It needs manure every year, but will give a good crop with less manure than light or sandy land, resembling strong clay in this respect; parts of the swale were almost pure peat and were benefited by a liberal dressing of sandy loam from a neighboring knoll. The great advantage of such land is in time of drouth, it needs less watering and gives better results in a dry time than any other land.

We should be most happy to receive the experience of any practical farmer who has done good work in this way, or to have the causes of failure explained where success has not attended such work.—ED.

### FEEDING HORSES.

Editor of THE PLOUGHMAN: Again I apply to the columns of your valuable paper for advice. It is about the horse. What is the best feed to give a horse that is run down in strength and flesh. By doing so you will oblige.

A CONSTANT READER.

Ipswich Oct. 2. If our correspondent has a good pasture, or can hire the privilege of using one, there is nothing better than to take off your horse's shoes and turn him out as long as the feed is good and the weather not too cold; usually horses will need some shelter on cold nights, or blanketing, if they are not accustomed to sleeping out at this season of the year. If the feed is not very good in the pasture give a few quarts of oats daily.

If you can not get pasture, feed your horse fresh cut grass or clover hay, with a few oats say four to six quarts daily, and give him gentle work or exercise so as to keep his appetite and digestion good. As he gains strength you can substitute corn meal mixed with cut hay for one or two rations daily using not over four quarts a day.

Corn meal alone is not so safe a grain for horses as oats; most cases of colic we believe



## HARROWING YOUNG CROPS.

## An Unpatented Implement for Cultivating Young Corn and Potatoes.

In my first attempt to follow out this kind of "hook farming," as it was called, I planted a good deal of corn and potatoes each year, I found the great need of resorting to something of the kind, by which "horse work" might be made in some way to aid more in the tillage of these crops, so largely dependent on hand hoeing in their culture. Accordingly, one year, after corn was just well up, I put on the team and light drag, and after hardening my heart against this, my favorite crop, and shutting my eyes to the harsh treatment it was receiving, I drove a few bouts, but not enjoying that kind of work at all, I quit, thinking I would rather do the work by hand even if it cost twice as much. Then I took a light four-pronged, round-tined potato hook, and going over the rows I had harrowed I drew it, comb-fashion, through any hills that were dragged down to straighten them up, and through those hills that had not been worked enough I passed the fork lightly, and this I found gave fine tillage at this early stage of their growth, and the result showed that the dragging, supplemented by hand work, was a step in the right direction towards substituting horse for hand work in these crops. I also learned, incidentally, that

## A Potato Hook is a Much Better Tool

than the hoe which to do the first working of the corn, as I went on doing the balance of the field with the same tool, and I have made similar use of it every year since, finding it quite superior to the hoe, either in the field or the garden, for all light, delicate, first work among cultivated plants. As to harrowing before the crop is up, it is a practice I would strongly recommend, for I know it is a great help in tillage, especially of potatoes, which are usually such a long time in coming up, that if the ground was not harrowed a crop of weeds would pre-occupy their place, and, sooner or later, hand work would be needed to eradicate them; but if the ground is thoroughly dragged just before the plants come up, the first crop of weeds is wholly destroyed, and the potatoes coming in clean, freely-tillied land, will soon occupy the hills to the exclusion of any more weed-growth during the season. This harrowing of corn and potatoes

## Before They are Up.

I have continued to practice ever since; but for several years I have refrained from harrowing them after the plants were up, (although many leading planters recommended it); I object to the practice and my objections would be as strong to day as ever even if the farmer did the job with the best tool for the purpose which the market affords.

While using the potato hook, as stated above, I conceived the idea that a tool might be made to operate by a horse, and work two or three rows at a time, in the same way as fast as the horse would work; but it should be a lighter implement, and one more under the driver's control than any harrow I have seen, and the ground before planting should be put in fine tillage, and the surface should be made tolerably even; for if cumbered with clods, stones and trash, these will greatly interfere with such fine, delicate tillage as this must be, and if the surface is uneven, some hills will receive too much, while others will get too little scarifying. The Thomas smoothing harrow, the most approved tool the market affords us for such work, is much too heavy to suit me, and the teeth are too large, and, worst of all, they are set rigid in their frame. It will be also noticed that teeth projecting straight down, will give a

## Lighter and Better Movement

of the surface soil than those slanting, as they throw it more like a sleigh runner; nor will they knock or drag down the plants nearly as much as the slanted ones do. Accordingly I found it necessary in this case, as in many others in the course of my farm experience, to construct a tool for this new and special work, for which no general-purpose harrow proved adequate.

Having, as I think, been quite successful in making and using such a tool, and as it is not patented, so that any farmer may make one for himself, in the hopes that they will do so, and also that they may receive as much benefit from its use as I have, I here give a description of my mode of making it. First I obtained the teeth from two old horse hay-rakes,—about forty. Then I framed together two three by three pieces for the rake, or drag-beams, the rear one eight feet, and the other eight and one-half feet long. The two are framed a foot apart, and into these I insert the four-foot rake teeth, five inches apart in each beam, and projecting back so that the rear ends reach down almost perpendicularly to the ground, while the beams may be a foot above it, and these

## Two Gangs of Teeth Work all the Ground.

In passing within two and one-half inches of one another. Thus it will be seen, a small and very flexible spring tool, passing in an upright position very delicately through the plants, in the hill, will do fine surface working of the ground enough to kill any weed growth that may have begun in it, and without scarcely disturbing the corn or potato plants in the least. To mount the implement for work I very much prefer attaching it to a farmer's sulky as I call it, such as almost any farmer can construct as a cart, with two and one-half feet or three feet wheels, three feet apart, with a seat, and lever to elevate it. The body of the harrow should be placed at right angles to wheels, and just behind them, and should be drawn by two iron beams bolted to it, and passing up just inside of the wheels, being suspended and drawn from the fore part of the cart frame. With this and a team straddling the second row of a field, it will work that row and the ones on each side of it;

## That is, Three Rows Each Time

In passing the field, and the driver on his seat, lever in hand, lifts the harrow, turns into the next three rows, and so on, doing from twenty to twenty-five acres a day, as I

did this year in dressing more than sixty acres of corn and potatoes, three or four times over, and the work gave about as good results as hand-hoeing up to the time the crops were of full growth. A plainer way for using the tool, would be to fasten the draft pole to the center of this drag, and two handles to hold it, walk to operate it; or for one horse make the harrow head two-thirds the length of this, and attach two handles, and do two rows at a time. I have been thus minute in describing this, as it is a new tool, so that it is not in the market, but it is one that a farmer can make for himself, and I am sure he will find it of great service to him.—HENRY LIVES, Batavia, N. Y., in Rural New Yorker.

## ENSILAGE vs. STOVER FEEDING.

As there are still a large number of unconverted, it may be well to point out a few of the considerations which render silage corn superior to stover. It is all very well for men trained in the laboratory to be exact and scrupulously careful in all the details of farm work, to tell us that artificial digestions give as good results from stover as from ensilage. Plain matter-of-fact men who farm to live, have learned from experience that a cow's stomach is an apparatus more complicated than either the digestion tube or its digesting fluids. The fact is, it is an unknown quantity, and so far as our present knowledge goes, we have no test tube, or balance capable of gauging accurately what goes on inside. We do know, however, that apart from the increased flow of milk which the majority of average experiences report, and the larger yields of churning butter of good color which they contain, there is a far higher value in corn ensilage which guarantees greater health to the cow, and enables her to work along in contentment and prolong her useful life. Whatever promotes good health is an advantage. Cows are just as responsive to their green, succulent flavored bite all winter as we are when we sit down to our roasts and tomato sauce or succulent cabbage. The vegetable alone would be poor food, but eaten with Chicago dressed meat or other forms of nitrogenous food, they minister to our sustenance and health.

Winter-fed animals have enough of dry food in their bran, corn meal and other feed stuffs, without munching excessive quantities of dry corn fodder as well as hay. The effect of the natural color of corn in the ensilage and its juices, is to preserve flavor and digestibility in the food and increase its efficiency as butter and health making material.

The condition of health, judged by the eye, skin, coat and contentment, all point to the use of ensilage as the most valuable ingredient in a feeding compound as it is by far the cheapest of all food grown on the farm.—JAMES CHESSMAN, in Farm, Field and Stockman.

## CROP REPORTS.

From the September report of Department of Agriculture we make some extracts. It appears that at the first of the month there was the promise of the greatest crop of corn, with one exception, since 1879. In 1885 there was the largest crop on record, reaching to nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels on an acreage considerably smaller than this year. Since the date of the publication of this report, have occurred the severe frosts that have injured the crop badly in New England and New York.

Had the first held off two weeks longer the crop would have been safe, but now there must be a large loss in the territory mentioned. But as this is not comparatively a large corn growing section, the loss from the frost will only depreciate the entire yield of the country a very little. It is possible that the larger amount planted will make up for the smaller yield, thus bringing it up, or nearly, to the immense crop of 1885.

It is fortunate there is so large a crop of corn, as that of wheat is the smallest, with two exceptions, of any returns that have ever been received at that department.

There will be a deficiency in both winter and spring wheat. Chinch bugs, early frosts, drought and blight are some of the causes of the failure. With a good export demand there is a prospect of higher prices for flour and mill feed from wheat. The prospect is also somewhat unfavorable for oats, the average being 87.2. Heavy rains, winds, rust, etc., are the causes mentioned for the deterioration of the crop. Rye is spoken of as good, and barley stands at about the same figures as oats. The average condition of potatoes for the country is expressed as 91.6, which would appear to be pretty good.

In New England potatoes are generally reported as rotting, especially the late ones, and will be far below the average.

## ENSILAGE SAFE FOR HORSES.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette mentioned a report that several valuable animals (horses) had been killed near Loveland by the use of poisonous ensilage. We have heard occasionally of this sort of casualty attributed to the same source, and no doubt the waste of ensilage, that which is reached by the air on the top and sides of the pit, which is sour, partially decomposed, and ought to be thrown away would poison a horse or anything else. Probably a horse from the smallness of his stomach would be much more liable to injury from such a cause than a cow, but only gross ignorance or carelessness would place such waste before an animal. The percentage of such waste to the contents of the silo, in ordinary well preserved ensilage is very small, and it should be fed to the manure pile. We don't believe that good ensilage judiciously fed ever hurt a horse. Dr. Orem of Tippecanoe, Ind., Co., this State, well-known as an intelligent farmer and a breeder of fine horses, told us a few weeks ago that he carried his horses and colts through last winter in excellent shape, his chief reliance being corn ensilage.—Farm and Home.

EVERY-DAY is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated. 'Tis not best to suffer pain for even one little day, when one application of Warner's Log Cabin Extract will drive it quickly away. Nothing better for external or internal application.

## WOOL AND WOOLENS.

## Some Important Statistics of Growth.

In a recent report, Government Statistician J. R. Dodge, of the National Department of Agriculture, offers some important figures respecting the wool industry:

The first table gives the number and value of sheep and production of wool in the United States from 1870 to 1887, from records of estimates of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture. It shows an increase in the number of sheep from 1870 to 1887 of about sixty per cent, and of wool product about eighty-eight per cent, due to development in breeding. The second table is the also familiar one of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, showing the imports and exports of wools at the ports of the United States from 1870 to 1887. It shows an increase in imports from 49,230,196 pounds, valued at \$6,743,350 in 1870, to 70,578,478 pounds, valued at \$10,946,331 in 1887; 129,084,958 pounds, valued at \$16,746,081 in 1886, and 114,038,030 pounds, valued at \$16,424,479 in 1887. Mr. Dodge says:

"These imports are in very small part for clothing or combing wools, so that the mills producing cloth of all kinds use very little foreign wool. These imports are mainly carpet wools. The carpet manufacturing being very important, making all but two or three per cent of the carpets used in the United States." He also gives a

## Table of Imports of Raw Wool

Years.	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
1884.	21,725,228	\$4,807,006	4,414,253	\$1,073,311
1885.	11,478,949	\$2,482,254	2,780,231	\$690,604
1886.	40,008,327	\$6,031,200	7,190,274	\$1,606,794
1887.	17,903,082	\$3,431,567	16,721,253	\$2,826,500
Totals.	91,115,586	\$17,720,227	25,105,011	\$5,506,209
Per cent.	44.8	44.8	44.8	44.8

## Other Similar Wools.

Years.	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
1884.	46,701,170	\$6,600,700	78,360,651	\$12,284,709
1885.	26,890,327	\$4,947,408	70,596,170	\$8,799,923
1886.	49,047,267	\$6,866,057	129,084,958	\$16,746,081
1887.	48,392,085	\$6,444,322	114,038,030	\$16,424,479
Totals.	225,720,882	\$31,417,476	392,080,809	\$44,452,192
Per cent.	44.8	44.8	44.8	44.8

For a more comprehensive view of the importation of wool, a statement is made by decades, for sixty-six years, going back nearly to the period of entire exclusion of wool from Great Britain during the war of 1812, and covering all of the history of our manufactures after their second birth or revival from destruction by an avalanche of importations after that war. For thirty years imports were small, because the volume of manufacture was then very small.

## Net Importation of Raw Wool, 1812 to 1887.

Periods.	Aggregate.	Annual average.	Average imports.	Per capita.
1812-20.	10,000,000	1,000,000	1,000,000	0.2
1821-30.	62,800,000	6,280,000	6,280,000	0.4
1831-40.	179,700,000	17,970,000	17,970,000	0.7
1841-50.	230,100,000	23,010,000	23,010,000	0.9
1851-60.	501,100,000	50,110,000	50,110,000	1.3
1861-70.	640,900,000	64,090,000	64,090,000	1.4
1871-80.	554,600,000	55,460,000	55,460,000	1.1
1881-87.	1,000,000,000	100,000,000	100,000,000	1.4

## Total Wool Resources by Decade.

## Average Per Annum.

Periods.	Aggregate.	Annual average.	Per capita.
1812-20.	10,000,000	1,000,000	0.2
1821-30.	62,800,000	6,280,000	0.4
1831-40.	179,700,000	17,970,000	0.7
1841-50.	230,100,000	23,010,000	0.9
1851-60.	501,100,000	50,110,000	1.3
1861-70.	640,900,000	64,090,000	1.4
1871-80.	554,600,000	55,460,000	1.1
1881-87.	1,000,000,000	100,000,000	1.4

Mr. Dodge continues: "There are no very reliable sources of information as to domestic production of wool between 1820 and 1840. Numbers of sheep were small but gradually increasing. From 1840 to 1879 there are no annual estimates for this comparison, but a study of the numbers of sheep and weight of fleece affords data of approximate estimates for this period, which are given by decades as follows, in connection with the latter records of production.

## Total Wool Resources by Decade.

## Average Per Annum.

Periods.	Aggregate.	Annual average.	Per capita.
1812-20.	10,000,000	1,000,000	0.2
1821-30.	62,800,000	6,280,000	0.4
1831-40.	179,700,000	17,970,000	0.7
1841-50.	230,100,000	23,010,000	0.9
1851-60.	501,100,000	50,110,000	1.3
1861-70.	640,900,000	64,090,000	1.4
1871-80.	554,600,000	55,460,000	1.1
1881-87.	1,000,000,000	100,000,000	1.4

## The Value of Net Importation

of manufacture of wool from 1830 to 1887, inclusive, by decades is as follows:

Ten years ending.	Aggregate.	Annual average.	Value per capita.
1830-39.	\$1,000,000	\$100,000	0.2
1840-49.	\$6,280,000	\$628,000	0.4
1850-59.	\$17,970,000	\$1,797,000	0.7
1860-69.	\$23,010,000	\$2,301,000	0.9
1870-79.	\$50,110,000	\$5,011,000	1.3
1880-87.	\$64,090,000	\$6,409,000	1.4
7 years ending.	\$100,000,000	\$10,000,000	1.4

## THE VALUE OF SHEEP.

The value of sheep is not sufficiently appreciated by the general farmer. Most farmers keep a few sheep, but they are not kept and managed to make the most profit, and in many cases no profit at all is made. Many farmers, as soon as they shear their flock, turn them out into the woods to make the best of it. Many are killed by dogs, some stray off, and many times the remainder come home in the fall looking like a bunch of burrs. Their value in cleaning and renovating old farms is too great to be overlooked by the farmer, especially when so many have poor, bushy farms. But to renovate an old farm is not their greatest value; it is in mutton and wool. But to gain all the profit that may be realized, sheep must be well cared for, and all their products properly looked after and disposed of.

Almost every farmer is aware of the fact that a sheep must be fat to make the best mutton, but few conceive the idea that a properly and well-fed sheep produces more and better wool than one poorly fed and cared-for. Wool is a product from feeding just the same as fat or flesh, and the flock should be fed and managed with a view to wool-growth, and that of fine quality. The demand for wool by the manufacturers, whose goods are used by everybody at all times and seasons, will likely never decrease, nor will it become unsalable at profitable prices. A ready market will be found at good prices at all times, so that wool-growing will be one of our most valuable farm industries. Sheep of the South-Down breed, perhaps, are best for wool and mutton. They will produce ten pounds of wool, which will sell for 30 cents per pound, or \$3.00 per head. In most markets \$1.50 would cover the feeding expenses in a year, giving \$1.50 per head, besides the manure and the benefit derived from them in cleaning farms.

A properly-raised sheep between the age of three and five years makes the best mutton. Turnips are a cheap crop, and when fed freely to sheep with their other feed, make the juiciest and tenderest of mutton. It is said that it is due to feeding turnips to sheep and cattle that English beef and mutton are of superior quality. There is a great deal in slaughtering and dressing mutton to make fine flavored meat. For this reason the sheep should be well fed, and then dressed as quickly as possible.—THOMAS D. BAIRD, in Prairie Farmer.

## PUTTERING AND WORKING.

Some people never get along, for they want and must have everything; and, alas! for the sake of making the dime, they lose the dollar, which in our enlightened age is an important matter.

In my young days, in 1873, I worked for a farmer who I will name Goodman. He owned a fine farm—worth about \$25,000. The place was well stocked; he had good teams and all the chances to make a comfortable living. And why could he not make ends meet? Just read the following lines, and you will explain it: In the morning the first thing I had to do was to sift the cock ashes. "Be careful, William, not to lose any cock; pick it out clean." Then I had to milk. "Strip them clean, do you hear?" Then we had breakfast—herring, skinned milk and brand bread. I came on Friday, and thought these folks took me to be a Catholic. To give them a hint, I explained how my ancestors were driven from France for being Protestants. All of no avail—every day herring and brand bread. After breakfast I felt like working and wanted to go out, but Mr. Goodman and his better half picked up a quarrel, or rather an argument, about artificial guanos, so interesting that I was drawn into the strike without noticing it. Long time after breakfast we went to shelling corn, but the sheller being out of order, a couple of grains would stick to some cobs, "O my, William! you have to pick them off clean; that corn must not go to waste." And that way it went day in and day out. Once, at the breakfast table, I asked Mr. Goodman why he always fed on bran bread and fish. "William," he said, "bran gives muscle and fish gives brain." I replied: "Then you must eat all the fish you can; I, for my part, will play the fool and take beef or pork." When hauling out manure I had to scrape the stones out of the ground. He never fed his hens except on Thanksgiving day, and then he would come to me with a wrinkled face and say, "William, William! now I fed so much corn to my hens, and I don't get any eggs."

But enough of this man. Let me take you to a section of industrious, wide-awake farmers. The place is Wellington Square, about thirteen miles from Hamilton. Farm 300 acres, well fenced. About an hour before daybreak, a noise made with the broom against the ceiling, and every man went to his chores. One hurried, another milked or fed—in short, at peep of day all the drudgery was done. Then for breakfast, plenty of everything—God bless their memory! The only thing they did not get was much time, and if it had not been for my sharp teeth and voluminous throat I would have been left behind. After breakfast we would fly to arms, and the work we would rush through was surprising. We filled the mammoth barns with hay and fodder, and immense cellars with mangels and turnips; and the cellar under the house we filled with fine, picked apples. In short, we rushed, and had abundance; and yet the boss never worked himself, but was always with us to give orders. A grain bin with oats was always open for the fowls.

Mr. K. had several daughters, and for each one he had a round sum in the bank, and all made by farming. And why did he make so much? Just because he did not stop to pick bones as long as he could get abundance of meat. When pay-day came he never grunted and neither did I; and we were both happy.—Southern Planter.

## THE LOTUS.

It is not generally known that the genuine Egyptian Lotus is found in America. Such, however, is the case. Only two localities are known to furnish it, and both of these are near Chicago. Grass Lake, of the Fox Lake district, has a body of nearly two hundred acres of this singular and beautiful plant; and there is another locality in the Tolleston marsh, in Indiana, which is covered with it. The leaf is perfectly round, and is supported at some distance above the water on a long round stem. The leaf is as large around as one's hat, and when water is poured upon it, it resembles liquid quick silver. The large flower is bright yellow in color, not unlike the yellow water lily, and is a beautiful sight when thus seen massed in large banks. Only a few sportsmen here know this land of the lotus, and that it should be located near this decidedly un-lotus eating community, seems one of nature's attempts to keep up the average.—Forest and Stream.

THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the greatest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chimneys of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

## FLOWERS IN WINTER.

## Winter Plants for Green-House and Window.

At this season the gardener and the house-keeper will be actively forecasting for the winter display of flowers and plants. Skillful hands will already have brought forward to a good state of development most of the plants that are to make the decoration of the greenhouse and the window for the next six months. A good stock of Chrysanthemums will unfold their beauties some weeks later, and by proper management, if suitable varieties have been selected, will continue in bloom until the close of the year. Chinese Primroses should now be stocky little plants and making a vigorous growth, and so, Geraniums of all kinds, and Begonias, Bouvardias, Carnations and Callas; these constitute a large bulk of the plants most relied upon for winter flowers. Heliotropes, winter-blooming Fuchsias, Abutilons, Azaleas, Roses, Jasmines, and others are raised in smaller numbers by the amateur, and play a minor part.

But all these, though in great variety,

## Fail to Satisfy Us.

since so many other blooming plants can be made to contribute their brightness to the dull months. Those who have the best collections of the kinds named will not fail to supplement them with a liberal stock of the bulbous plants which flower freely in the winter months; and those who, by circumstances, have been prevented up to this time from having a collection of plants can now take advantage of the opportunity of the present season to lay in a stock of bulbs in such variety that they may have abundance of bright, sweet flowers nearly all winter. Reference is now made specially to the Holland bulbs, which can be so cheaply procured and so easily raised. In regard to the methods of treating these bulbs our readers are all well informed, but we would impress upon them the importance of laying in a sufficient quantity of them to give a continuous supply of flowers from January to May, as may be done. What can be brighter or more delightfully fragrant than the hyacinths? What gayer than the tulips?

What Sweeter Than the Narcissus? And then we need not to mention the names of crocus and snowdrops, and Scillas and Lilies and Anemones to bring to the mental vision a most delightful sight. These plants represent the greatest amount of winter bloom for the least expenditure of time, care and labor.

Let us look about for what more there may be in the way of bulbous plants of easy culture suited to the same purposes. First, let us notice the Freesia. Here is a plant admirably adapted to the greenhouse and the window garden. Its graceful, white flowers are pleasantly fragrant. The bulbs can be potted for several weeks in succession during autumn, and thus a supply of them be provided to bloom continuously from midwinter to the latter part of spring.

The Chionodoxa, or Glory of the Snow, a bulb of comparatively recent introduction, is as easy to raise as any of those already noticed. It has flowers that are porcelain blue with white centers, and are produced abundantly. The one peculiar treatment that is essential to the welfare of all potted bulbs is that they be set away in a dark, cool place, but one free from frost, where they can develop their roots before the growth of leaves commences. When the roots have filled the soil and are running around the sides of the pots, the bulbs can be brought into a light place, and then the leaves and flower stems will be produced, but the blooming will be abortive if attempted sooner.

Besides the bulbs already named

We will mention the Oxalis, a number of varieties of which are excellent, free-flowering plants of the simplest culture. The Lily, in its many varieties, responds to pot culture. Some of the best varieties are the Auratum, or Gold-banded Japan Lily; the common White, or Candidum; L. Japonicum longiflorum; L. Harrisii, or Easter Lily of Bermuda; L. speciosum, or as it is better known in the trade as L. lancifolium, both rubrum and album, and the variety known as L. Præcox. The value of the Lily of the Valley for winter-blooming is well-known.

Another excellent bulbous plant for winter flowers is the Cyclamen. The species most in use, and the best, is Cyclamen Persicum in its cultivated varieties.—Vick's Magazine for October.

## BEFORE IT IS BORN.

## Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, upon being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were raised in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would startle those of the present age.

Why was it? One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there cannot be an effect without a cause. This investigation discloses the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs? This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call War-

ner's Log Cabin remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and huchu remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.



## POULTRY.

## RAISING DUCKS.

Before another season of raising young fowl comes, it would be well to give some thought to the culture of ducks. There are, we know, hundreds of poultrymen, farmers and cottagers throughout this country who have facilities for establishing "duck ranches" or raising them in large and small numbers for market or private use, if they but tried the experiment. Nowadays, the table merits of well-fattened ducks are beginning to be appreciated by the consumers of poultry, and we notice the demand is increasing, and the prospects of making them pay is cheering.

The small farmer who has some waste land, and depends mainly on his grain crop to give him a permanent footing on the high road to comfort and independence, has yet to learn a better philosophy of farming. If he turned a share of his attention to stock-raising, particularly the culture of ducks, geese and turkeys, for the food market, much of his waste land could be put to good use and more realized from the outlay than from any other namable kind of stock, for they can be raised with larger stock and thus he secures profits on all.

It is a great mistake to suppose that ducks cannot be raised without an unlimited sheet of water. It is true they do better and can be more advantageously raised by having a stream near by. But it is also true that our large and improved ducks, such as the Rouen, Ayresbury or Cayuga, can get along nicely without a pond or large bathing place. If regularly supplied from the well or spring. Of course, it is best to restrict ducklings from a pond until they are four or five weeks old, for by this time they will have acquired strength, hardiness, endurance and feathering "to pad" their own canoe in a small and shallow sheet of water that is free from minks, muskrats and turtles. Ducks want water, but a pond or small creek will suffice for all purposes.—Poultry World.

## EGGS FROM DIFFERENT BREEDS.

Says the New England Farmer: A correspondent who has taken the time and trouble to keep a record of the number of eggs laid by the different breeds in his possession during the past year, reports to us as follows under date of August 1st:

Bantams—sixteen to the pound, ninety per annum.

Polish—nine to the pound, 125 per annum.

Hungary—nine to the pound, 150 per annum.

Leghorns—nine to the pound, 160 per annum.

Black Spanish—seven to the pound, 140 per annum.

La Fleche—seven to the pound, 130 per annum.

Plymouth Rock—eight to the pound, 150 per annum.

Houdans—eight to the pound, 150 per annum.

Black, White and Buff Cochins—eight to the pound, 150 per annum.

Dark Brahmas—eight to the pound, 120 per annum.

From the above it is easy to see the folly of selling eggs by the dozen; why don't our granges unite in demanding that eggs be sold by the pound as the custom is already in California.

## PLUCKING FOWLS.

Plucking fowls is a tedious process. If there are any who want to operate without the aid of the scalding process, let them do so, and when they are tired of it, let them try the following improved method: Dip the fowls in cold water and let them drip. Then apply finely pulverized rosin to the feathers using a drenching box for convenience. Then scald in the usual way. The rosin sticks the feathers together, so that the pin-feathers come out with the others, saving much trouble. Apply about half a teaspoonful of rosin to a fowl. Use the common crude article. It is cheap stuff, and is made up ten times over by the laborer.—The American Poultry Yard.

## PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

Receipts gained from prizes offered by The London Dairy for the best preserved eggs seem to show that the lime water system is, all things considered, the best. A pound of lime should be stirred with a gallon of water, and the eggs, perfectly fresh, immersed therein in barrels or jars. This excludes air and any germs that might cause mildew or mold, and prevents evaporation, so that the contents of the egg are not reduced in bulk. It is important to have a considerable excess of lime to replace any that may become carbonated. The vessels containing the eggs should be kept in a cool, well ventilated place.—American Stockman.

## HEROIC LIVES AT HOME.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unlovely passion, sets his foot upon it and stands serene and strong in virtue. Greater than Zenoia is the woman who struggles with the love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of woman, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is a hero of the rarest type—the type Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial love that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The husband who goes home from every-day routine, and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter

and in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossoms into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be a larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision holding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking perils "affinities" who does not build high tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.—GRACE GREENWOOD.

## QUICK TEMPER.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be undesirable possession, a quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper!" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply, "Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quickest-tempered people in the world!"

Given in a tone that does not imply modest depreciation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit. Now this willingness—eagerness, may even without exaggeration, be called—to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar," nor if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper?

To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and—after a little lapse of time—forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he gives way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely the righteous wrath which rises from good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten cases out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.—Atlantic Monthly for September.

## BOY'S LEISURE HOURS.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Elogues of Virgil, but could not read, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day, as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil," he replied. She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister "Goldsmith's History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.—Selected.

## LOO CARRIERS ARE NOT RECOMMENDED.

LOO CARRIERS ARE NOT recommended as model habitations for modern people. But Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's "Tippecanoe" are the simple but effective compounds which enable the rugged pioneers to maintain health, and can be safely recommended to all.

## OUR "SURPLUS WOMEN."

Col. T. W. Higginson, Director of a Popular Error about Massachusetts.

Goethe, writes Col. Higginson in Harper's Bazaar, says that, in order to cause a thing to be believed, it is only necessary to keep saying it over and over until the public ear gets thoroughly used to it. It is only in this way that one can explain the curious manner in which certain preposterous exaggerations come to be accepted, and with constant enlargement. The excess of women in our older states, for instance, keeps growing larger and larger in the newspapers. This is not so strange, but when we find an educated Boston physician, in what purports to be a serious work—vouched for, moreover, by a New York physician and a Boston clergyman—putting the excess of women in Massachusetts at 120,000, it shakes one's confidence in the common sense of the community. As a matter of fact, the actual excess of women in Massachusetts, by the census of 1880, was not much more than half this number, being 66,205. The total number of the male population of that state, as then recorded, was 858,440 and of the female population 924,645. (Compendium of Census, page three.)

It has been shown by the returns of the Massachusetts census that this excess of women does not largely consist, as was once supposed, of the unmarried, nor yet of the unmarried or the divorced, but that it consists, almost wholly of widows. By the state census of 1875, when the excess of women was 63,146, it appears that the excess of widows over widowers in Massachusetts was 32,903, thus accounting for nearly the whole excess of women over men. (Compendium of Massachusetts Census, page thirty-nine.) This large number of widows is explained in manufacturing towns by the fact that they seek support for themselves and their children in the mills; in sea-port towns, by the large mortality among sailors and fishermen, so that a single gale on the banks may leave fifty widows; and in the state as a whole by the fact that it is one of the older states from which many young men have gone westward, and that in the event of their death their widows and children are very apt to return to the old nest. To this may be added the influence of the schools and colleges of Massachusetts, which bring many women there to educate their children. In a street with which the writer is familiar, in that state, there are seventeen houses, of which eight are occupied by widows; and four of these ladies have come into Massachusetts within a few years, either for the education of their own children, or to assist in the education of the children of other people. If this is the case in one short street of a suburban city, it will not take long to make up such instances to many thousands. Under these circumstances some of the surplus women of a state must certainly be counted to its credit; they create the presumption that it is a community which attracts those who have families of children to be educated on moderate means.

In general, the presence of many surplus women shows a State to possess manufacturing industries. Of other New England States, Connecticut has 11,131 surplus women, Rhode Island 10,471, New Hampshire, 5939. All these are manufacturing States; but in Maine, where there are fewer manufactures, the sexes are almost equally balanced, there being but 820 more on the female side of the account; while in Vermont, which is essentially an agricultural State, there are 1488 more men than women. In New York State the excess of women is greater than in Massachusetts and amounts to 72,227; while in New Jersey it is 10,272, and in Pennsylvania but 9581. There is also an excess of female population in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and the District of Columbia; but not in any of the northwestern or Pacific States, or in the territories. As the local censuses of these States have rarely been taken so thoroughly as in Massachusetts, it is difficult to tell whether the same proportion holds as to widows and single women. But probably the same fact as to employment would prevail through the various States, and when we see a large access of women in any community we can be pretty sure that most of them have gravitated thither in search of employment, or for the opportunity of education, or because of the associations of their early home.

And this preponderance of widows refutes the impression commonly held—and expressed—suggested by the medical writer above quoted—that this surplus consists largely of those "who are in the industrial ranks because no man hath married them." In the case of the widows, at least, they are in the industrial ranks because some man hath married them, but has not had the strength or the continued life to support them. Nay, farther, they are there because the fact of matrimony has encumbered them with others to be supported. If every woman could go through life with only the responsibility of supporting herself, even with a mother and a sister or two thrown in, she would be guaranteed a comparatively easy time of it, but it is this necessity of being both father and mother to a group of young children that wears most upon her. Of the surplus of widows over widowers, as reported in Massachusetts, it is safe to say that more than a third—20,000 at least—have offspring dependent upon them. Their actual position refutes utterly the theory which used to be prevalent, that it is not needful to train women for self-support, but that we should train the men to take care of the women. No doubt the husbands of this vast army of widows would have done this had fate permitted; but the question is, who is to do it now?

So long as these women do the duty thus thrown upon them, they may be "surplus women," but they are as far as possible from useless. And indeed, when we look at any community that is close around us, it is hard to find superfluous women anywhere. However it may be in other countries, as in England, where multitudes of families live on

some small investment, and make us wonder how they employ themselves—here everybody seems busy, and there are barely enough unoccupied women to fill the temporary vacancies and act as a reserve force in case of need. As we look around it is difficult to find any woman idle; the ranks are full, and no one is standing out. Even those who are resolutely indolent, or have thrown away their opportunities, are often men and women, and for those willing to work there are constantly arising such new occasions as to leave hardly any doing nothing. Tested by what we see in the special community where we make observation, it can safely be said of the women who seem to be in excess that they are surplus only, not superfluous.

## OLD TIME ECONOMY.

Those were times when fashions had not yet learned to change with such chameleon-like speed, and people did occasionally wear their old clothes with an unblinking frontality that would be well-nigh disgraceful to-day. Silks and satins, laces and furbelows were all of the costliest description, and their owners were chary of discarding them, or even of lightly exposing them to ruin. Emile Souvestre's languid lady, who proves the purity of her blood, somewhat after the manner of the princess and the pea, by supercilious indifference to the fate of her velvet mantle in a snow storm, could hardly have existed a few hundred years ago. We have in Pepys's diary a most amusing record of his disgust at being over-persuaded by the wife to wear his best suit on a certain threatening May day, and how of course it rained, and all their pleasure was spoiled. The guilty Eve was quite as unfortunate as her husband, for she too had gone forth "extraordinary fine in her flowered tabby gown," which we are greatly relieved to learn a little later was two years old, but smartly renovated with brand-new laces. Only fancy being so careful of a two-year gown as to begrudge it to the sight of court and commons on May day!

The same frugal spirit extended down to the last century, and was of infinite value to the self-respecting poor. Artisans had not yet found it imperative to dress their wives and children in imitation refinery, and farmers were even less awake to the exigencies of fashionable attire. We read of rural couples placidly wearing their wedding clothes into their advanced old age, and we are lost in hopeless speculation as to how they accommodated their spreading proportions to the coats and gowns which presumably had fitted the comparative slenderness of their youth. With what patient ingenuity did the good dames of Miss Mitford's village, adorned occasionally by an itinerant tailor, turn and return their husbands' cast-off clothing, until, from seeming ruin, they had evolved sound garments for their growing boys; and with what pardonable pride did the strutting youngsters exhibit on the village streets these baggy specimens of their mothers' skill! Among the innumerable anecdotes told of George III., it is said that, strolling once with Queen Charlotte in the woods of Windsor, he met a little red-checked, white-haired lad, who proved, on examination, to be the son of one of his majesty's best-eaters. The gracious king, always well pleased with children, patted the boy's flaxen head, and bade him kneel and kiss the queen's hand, but this sturdy young Briton declined flatly to do so; not, he said, from any desire to emulate the examples of Penn and Franklin by illustrating on a minor scale the heroic principles of democracy, but solely and entirely that he might not spoil his new breeches by contact with the grass. So thrifty a monarch, says Thackeray, should have hugged on the spot a child after his own heart; and even if the royal favor failed to manifest itself in precisely this fashion, I make no doubt that the best-eater's wife, who had stitched those little breeches with motherly solicitude, found ample comfort in such a judicious son.—AGNES REPLIER, in October Atlantic.

## GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS.

In Boothbay village, Me., there lives a poor widow with three little children, whom she supports by going out washing. A short time ago one of the children was sick, and the mother had to stay at home and take care of it, so her means of support were stopped. Two little girls, learning of their needs, took a basket and went about from house to house, gathering what the people gave, and basketful after basketful was carried into the poor woman's house; but they couldn't quite understand what made her cry when they were giving her so many good things. Some boys, seeing how happy the girls were, decided to help. They went to the men and got money enough to buy a load of wood, then they mustered a big crowd and had a good time cutting it.—Banner of Light.

## AVOID STRONG PERFUMES.

Beware of strong perfumes, says a recent writer of good advice to girls; they are intensely vulgar. They are all in poor taste, even in her note paper. A box of Oriental orris root on the dressing-table or among her linen, a healthy, clean fragrance like violets and a bottle of German cologne is all that a young girl needs (after cleanliness) to make her the "sweetest thing on earth." Indeed, she needs nothing but cleanliness. Orris root, even, can be dispensed with. Cleanliness is the foundation of all elegance, all beauty, all refinement and physical merit.—Selected.

## NOT THOU, BUT I.

PHILIP BOCKE MARSTON.

It must have been for one of us, my own. To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread. Had not my tears upon thy face been shed, Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known My loneliness, and did my feet not tread This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.

And so it comforts me, yes, not in vain, To think of thy eternity of sleep To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep.

And when this cup's last bitterness I drain One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep: Thou hast the peace, and I the undying pain.

## MORE LAUGHTER.

The man whose "Ha ha!" reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the man who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackling of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his laughter throughout his life, before a late breakfast, when he misses the train, when his wife goes out visiting and he has a cold supper, the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt, when the furnace fire goes out in the night and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time, he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith; somehow he puts faith into him. He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice and the sight of his blessed daily life, carry conviction that words have no power to give. The blues before him as the fog before a west wind. He comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life, and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man; why are there so few of him? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into sunshine and winter in to summer all the year round, until life is a perpetual season of joy?—Ex.

## MICROBES ON WALLS.

Mr. Esmerich, in *La Genie Civil*, gives the result of some experiments in the detection of microbes on the walls of living rooms, etc., that are calculated to alarm the timid reader not booked in the new science of microbiology. He wiped a certain surface on the walls of a room with a small wet and sterilized sponge, and then with this sponge impregnated some so-called culture gelatine. As a result he claims to have found from 17 to 5,391 colonies of microbes per twenty-five square centimetres of wall surface, according to the character of the wall, whether it was paper, oil paint, or polished plaster, and also whether the room was bed-chamber, a room in a hospital, etc.

The upper part of the wall is less rich in bacteria than the lower six feet, according to M. Esmerich. He then used a process which destroyed the bacilli and left the spores alive; or he exposed the gelatine of culture to a temperature of 70° C. for five minutes. He found that in his experiments there was one spore to forty-four germs, and at times no spores at all.

A jet of steam on the walls did not much diminish the number of the germs. A solution of phenic acid, of two to five per cent, did not at once give absolute disinfection; but repeating the operation after twenty-four hours gave perfect satisfaction.

M. Esmerich obtained the surest results by rubbing the walls with the crumbs of fresh bread. One operation was sufficient, except in certain bad cases, where three or four were necessary to remove all the living germs. But he cautions the user to be careful not to allow the crumbs to lie on the ground; they should be destroyed by fire.

## GRIT AND PLUCK IN SICKNESS.

Says Dr. M. Maurice, in the St. Louis Republic: I have seen grit save many a life. I have had a patient who coolly said to me, "I will not die." I was compelled to assure her that she would. There was no hope for her. "Doctor," she answered, "you are a fool. I shall not die." Grit it was that carried her through. A few years later she was sick again, and, as I thought, unto death; but there came the same all-conquering reply, "You are talking nonsense; I shall get well." And she did.

This was repeated a third time, till I actually began to believe she would get well any way and at all times. It never occurred to me to think of her as liable to die. Finally her mortal sickness came, and I expected to help her up as usual. But now she replied, "Doctor, you can come or go as you please; I am going to die; this is my last illness."

"O no," I said; "we will have you out in a few days." "Nonsense," she answered; "you are talking what you know nothing about. I shall never be well again."

In two days she was dead. Her grit gave out; her pluck was good to the last. She had pluck enough to face death; she had no longer grit to endure disease.

There is no question but that moral and mental grit go with physical to sustain vitality. A stout will wards off the blows of disease. In this case the patient went straight ahead to die without a flinch or whine. She had a vast faith in the "All Right," and allowed no one to dabble in theology at her bedside. She marched into the "next life" as she often had into the next year, and had not a tremor of the soul's pluck with her. She treated a neighbor's prayers as she treated any medicine. "You can come if you like," she said, "or you can go." Your prayers can't stop me and they can't change me—no more than a doctor's powders. She was a woman of extraordinary intelligence and determination.

BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

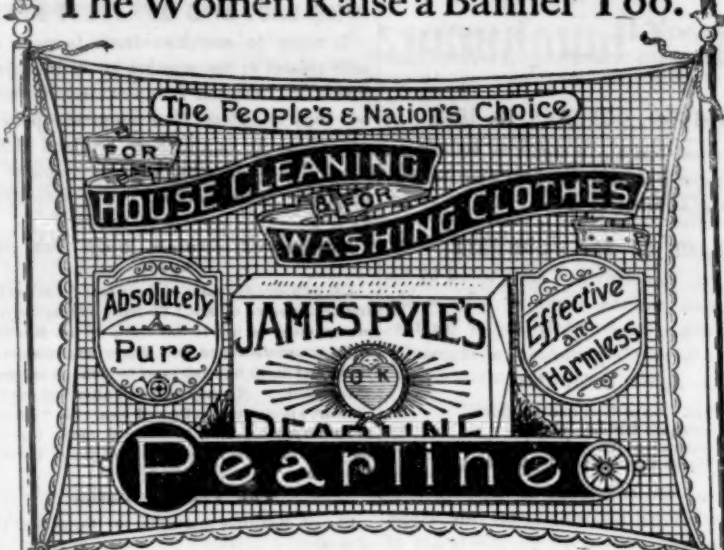
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 50c. Prepared by the FOTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses Instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI PAIN PLASTER, the only plaster killing plaster. 50c appt-322

EMERSON EVERY PIANO FULLY WARRANTED THE FINEST, MEDIUM PRICED PIANO IN THE MARKET SEND FOR CATALOGUE EMERSON PIANO CO. WAREHOUSE, 146A TREMONT ST. BOSTON, MASS.

## The Women Raise a Banner Too.



## Politics and House Cleaning

Are the two great questions before men and women to-day. PEARLINE is the candidate for house-cleaning. The number of packages sold annually is four times as large as the largest vote ever cast for any presidential candidate. Try PEARLINE for HOUSE CLEANING and you'll see why this is so.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearl-line, or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Look HERE, FRIEND. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE. Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again. No. 213 E. 9th St., N. Y.

\$1000 TO FARMERS! \$1000 will this year be distributed in premiums to farmers, for the best exhibits of general farm products grown upon

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO. Said exhibits to be made at the various New England State Fairs. The well known high standard of Soluble Pacific Guano has this year, not only been fully maintained, but so far as experience and science can suggest, its material value has been materially improved.

For full particulars with regard to premiums, apply to GLIDDEN & CURTIS, Boston, Mass., General Selling Agents, Pacific Guano Co. June 11

CANADA HARDWOOD UNLEACHED ASHES

In carloads 14 to 17 tons. This being our only business, our long experience enables us to guarantee the quality. The best fertilizer in use. Price and pamphlet sent on application. Imported by MURROE, JUDSON & SONS, 22 Arcade Block, New York.

SEDGWICK WOVEN STEEL WIRE FENCE AND GATES.

The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and Wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Pliers. Ask dealers in hardware, or address

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

MAKE HENS LAY NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2 1/2 POUND CAN FOR TWO SMALL PACKS 50c POST PAID.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

Is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are molting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take so when home, we will send postpaid by mail as follows: A new, enlarged, and elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMER'S POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents), tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 50 cents; or, one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.25. Sample package of Powder 2 cents, five for \$1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, \$6.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

oct 6-13



# The Ploughman.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

## LACK OF SELF-CONCEIT.

Few are so deeply and truly loved by his countrymen and the world at large as the poet Whittier, and rightly so, for his life-work has been the perfecting of humanity toward the Age of Gold, when

"The love of God and neighbor;  
An equal handed labor,  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty."

shall be realized and while he has ever consistently labored to bring about this happy condition, while he has led the toilers out of dingy close rooms into the pure sunlight of God's world, revealing ever the inner beauty that duller senses might not feel, while he has stood fearless and staunch in the cause of perfect liberty, and never failed to be counted on the right side, even though the mass of the world was against him, still he has modestly avoided all recognition and shrunk from any praise, save that of his nearest and dearest friends, whose sincerity he could not doubt, and hence those who know him best and prize all his spoken and written words sincerely, will best appreciate this incident.

An Englishman recently visited Mr. Whittier, and during his call proved his familiarity with the poems of the Quaker poet "I wonder," Mr. Whittier said, "that should burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't, but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

Such genuine modesty is the more truly appreciated, when it is remembered that the mass of nineteenth century writers seem to prefer to be known by the quantity rather than the quality of their writings.

## SAD ACCIDENT AT A FAIR.

While the sports were in progress at the annual fair in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, Oct. 5, a sad accident occurred. One of the most interesting contests of the occasion was the race between Roman chariots. The race had just begun and two chariots, each drawn by four horses, had made the circuit of the race course once, when one of the teams became unmanageable and made a wild dash into the crowd of spectators, trampling men, women and children under foot.

The scene was transformed instantly from merry abandon to fearful concern. Many were run over by the chariots, others trampled beneath the feet of the untamed steeds, and groans and screams were heard in place of shouts and laughter, making the scene a terrible one.

The horses were advertised as untamed mustangs from Buffalo, New York. The race track is but one-third of a mile in extent and when the chariots were driven side by side they could not go around the sharp curves, without going off on a tangent, then when the drivers lost control of the horses, the accident was unavoidable. The horses overleaped a fence and the rotten posts yielded easily, so that the number hurt was increased. The races thus ended precipitately, horses, chariots and drivers were sent at once from the grounds and the manager did all that was possible to help the situation, to alleviate the distress, and will pay all the expenses as far as possible.

Such occurrences always convey a lesson that should be heeded, and if the lesson given here is learned by other boards of management of country fairs, the sufferers may not have yielded limb and life in vain.

## SUNDAY'S ACCIDENT.

The ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Mary's Polish Catholic Church in Reading, Pa., last Sunday, caused as many as seven thousand people to assemble. A temporary floor laid on joists and the walls of the edifice, which had been carried up one story, served to accommodate perhaps a thousand.

The corner-stone had been laid, and Father Libich, pastor of the congregation, had just commenced his remarks when the newly-constructed floor gave way and one-fourth of the temporary floor fell, precipitating about two hundred people a distance of fifteen feet or more to the ground. Intense excitement followed, and it was fully two hours before the wounded were all cared for. It is hoped that none of the injuries though serious will result fatally.

Archbishop Ryan, who assisted by three priests, was conducting the ceremonies, remained calm throughout, and his sensible instructions and commands were of great service in controlling the immense throng and minimizing the injured.

## THE FIRST SNOW.

Snow fell in Boston, for the first time this season, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 9. It melted as it fell, and left no trace. On the same day sufficient snow fell at North Adams to effect the color of Hoosac Mountain and the summit of Greylock is white. At Lebanon New Hampshire three inches of snow fell. At Waterbury, Vermont, it snowed all day and a driving north-westerly wind made it the more disagreeable. The storm began in the night at St. Johnsbury and continued through the following day. The storm was more severe in Maine, being quite universal, while the news from Montreal said an inch of snow, making it the heaviest early fall of snow on record in that city. Many incoming vessels were delayed because of the storm, and those hours. The novelty of such a storm at this season excited universal comment.

## THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FEED.

In reply to enquiries from farmers and milk raisers as to whether it is claimed this is the best and cheapest feed for cows, we copy an extract from an article published editorially in the New England Homestead of Dec. 25, 1886 and its opinions are accepted as authority by the agricultural public.

## Cottonseed, Gluten, Corn and Oil Meal.

The comparative value of these four feeds has been frequently asked of late. To reply intelligently, reference must be had to the work of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey experiment stations, and much figuring must be done to secure accurate results. We may first call attention to Prof. Stewart's preference to linseed meal (the "oil meal" of our country) over cottonseed meal, especially for butter, because it can be fed without injury to the butter.

## The Feeding Value.

Lbs. of digestible matter in 100 lbs. of four kinds of meal:

	Corn.	Cotton.	Glut.	Lin.
Fat	4.87	4.29	7.69	3.24
Fiber	1.21	3.80	0.58	3.13
Protein	8.59	31.46	30.01	27.01
Non-nitrogenous matter	63.45	18.01	49.08	28.00
Feeding value	\$1.15	\$1.58	\$2.08	\$3.20

"New process" oil process linseed meal as made contains about 4 per cent. more digestible fat than the new process, but has less of the other elements and is not worth more than 10 per cent. more than the new process.

Average of many analyses and digestion tests of corn meal. It often runs up to \$1.25 on good samples.

[The Chicago gluten meal is meant. Some wet distillery or starch refuse is also called "gluten" but this is not what we refer to.]

In figuring the feeding value, digestible fat and protein are reckoned at 4.13 c per pound, digestible non-nitrogenous matter and fiber at 0.9 c per pound. It will be seen that the "feeding value" of corn meal is 13.5 per cent. is pretty near its retail price in market. Hence these figures are pretty nearly correct as a basis for calculating food values. That is, when corn meal costs about \$1.15 per cwt, the digestible food elements it contains cost 4.13 and 0.90 per lb., respectively. In the other 3 foods which have such a high value, the digestible matter costs much less than in the case of corn meal.

We have aimed at the average retail price throughout New England, but this will vary. However it will be seen that we get more value for a dollar in gluten meal than in any of the other meals, cottonseed coming next and linseed meal after it. To get this result in practice involves careful feeding.

We should be pleased to hear from any of our readers who have fed Chicago Gluten meal as to the results obtained in their experience in feeding it.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

A Few of the Many Kindly Greetings from the Press and Others.

Mr. Linus Darling has marked the inaugural of his proprietorship of the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN by a change in form and an enlargement of the paper. For many years this sterling agricultural paper has been a standard among farmers, and its prospects for the future appear even brighter than ever. The success has been well won.—Boston Journal.

## Handsome Improved.

THE PLOUGHMAN, the old and established weekly agricultural paper of New England, comes to us this week enlarged and in every way improved. It has of late been purchased by Mr. Linus Darling, who has had long experience in that line of journalism, and the PLOUGHMAN starts off under his management in a very life and progressive way.—Boston Record.

Mr. Linus Darling, a former proprietor of the New England Farmer, has purchased the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN. He has our best wishes in his new field.—New England Farmer.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN is forty-eight years old, and still it is not grey-headed, its voice is strong, its eyesight keen and all its faculties unimpaired. We hope its hearing is not affected since it must hear a great many good things spoken of it.—Colorado Farmer.

## LINUS DARLING, Esq., Proprietor MASS.

MY DEAR SIR:—Am glad to learn that you have bought the PLOUGHMAN, and I desire to assure you of my cordial friendship. Hoping that you may be successful, I am, Sir, Yours very truly,

F. L. HOUGHTON,  
Prop'r Holstein-Friesian Register.

## LINUS DARLING, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Allow us to congratulate you, dear sir, on your return to the PLOUGHMAN as proprietor, where you served so faithfully for so many years. You have our best wishes for success. In the meantime, we remain, Yours truly,

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS.

MY DEAR SIR:—We heartily congratulate you on your return to the literary world, we trust that the PLOUGHMAN, in your management, will take a new lease of life and come forth brighter, cleaner, and with more energy than it has in the past.

Sincerely,

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.

## PUBLISHER PLOUGHMAN:

DEAR SIR:—Since writing our letter of Oct. 6th, we have seen a copy of the 6th inst., and congratulate you upon the improved appearance of your paper. We wish the PLOUGHMAN in its new form a great amount of success. Very truly yours,

C. I. HOOD & CO.,  
Lowell, Mass.

## MORMONISM.

A heavy blow has been dealt mormonism by the decision of the Supreme Court of Utah, rendered Oct. 8, to the effect that it declares the corporation of the church dissolved, asserting that the voluntary religious sect now in existence has no right to the corporate property except the temple block and building which are set aside to it; denies the intervention of a large number of individuals claiming the property to be held by the Receiver until the information for the forfeiture of the same brought by the Government can be concluded, and all of the personal property of the late corporation has become escheated to the Government. This is a grand triumph for the cause of the Government. Many mormons are settling in Mexico.

## AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

### The Brockton Fair.

It is a genuine pity that so fine an exhibition as that given in Brockton last week should have had the disadvantage of stormy weather. Regardless of this, the people, remembering the excellence of their annual fairs, came in great numbers to enjoy the occasion and were well repaid for attending. The display of pure blood cattle was characterized as the finest ever given there. The display of Jersey Cattle is rarely excelled. Among the milk cattle shown was Minnie, a four-year-old who has a milk record of 222 pounds in six days, making fifteen pounds, five ounces of butter exhibited by John Sample. There was a large showing of Ayrshires and the Holsteins were never excelled by former fairs here. The Devons and Grades also made a good showing.

Among the numerous sheep were fine Hampshire and Southdowns and Harry Brooks of West Bridgewater showed a finely trained Rocky Mountain goat. J. F. Brown of Lunenburg and O. B. Hadwen of Worcester were the expert judges on cattle.

The showing of high bred horses was peculiarly fine. Among them was the noted stallion Paetiti, entered by David L. Parker of New Bedford which was sold as a yearling for \$3,300. His sire was sold at auction for \$28,000. Edward E. Cogswell of Hyde Park exhibited his five-year-old stallion, King Minus. A handsome trotting-bred stallion sired by Gen. Knox and dammed by Kitty K., was shown by John T. McKenney of Kingston. The horse weighs 1775 pounds and is fifteen and one half hands high. A fine thirteen year-old breeding mare of Ethan Allen stock was shown by J. Johnson.

The trial of drawing oxen and horses was very interesting. Each yoke of oxen pulled a two-ton load of stone with apparent ease. The children's sports were entertaining. The result of the kite flying was as follows:

Best flying, Blake, \$2; George Sullivan, \$1; largest, James Parkman, \$2; Gilgen, \$0.50; smallest, Myron Wilbur, \$2; Page, \$0.50; novelty, Keefe, \$2; Hall, \$1; handsomest, W. W. Clancy, \$2; Niles, \$1.

The children's races were merry and resulted in the following:

Boy's half-mile running race—Charles Willie, \$2; Harry Gibbs, \$1; William Denchey, \$0.50; Ralph Snow, \$0.50.

Potato race—Patrick McCullough, \$1; Arthur Raymond, \$0.50; Eddie Carr, \$0.50. Sack race—Louis Rodierick, \$1; Eddie Carr, \$0.50; Patrick McCullough, \$0.50. Obstacle race—Eddie Carr, \$1; C. Hill, \$0.50; Sawyer, \$0.50.

There was a large display of fancy goods and domestic manufactures. Each exhibit exceeded that of last year. Among the rare exhibits were specimens of Italian lace work. One of the novelties was a landscape skillfully executed in human hair of different hues, brown, yellow and white.

Among the contributors in the children's department were some only six years old. Many exhibits were highly creditable. In addition to the races reported last week, there were several very exciting ones. The riderless horse race between Miss Myrtle Peck and the wonderful riderless steed Longview being most novel. Longview ran in fifty-five and one quarter seconds. Longview is a beautiful sorrel thorough-bred.

In the 2.30 class for a purse of \$300, the contestants finished as follows:

A. Johnson, Brockton, b g Edgell 1st; M. A. Skinner, Medford, b m Bessie 2nd; N. J. Stone, New Bedford, ch g Woodman Boy 3rd; A. Cunio, Concord, b m Topsy 4th;

In the 2.20 class, the result was:

A. H. Dore, Taunton, b g Hix 1st; N. J. Stone, New Bedford, b g Wilkes 2nd; F. H. Whitney, Boston, br m Nina, 3rd;

The showing of farm products was splendid including almost every variety of vegetables, among these a squash that weighed 148 pounds and some fine celery in boxes. There were eighty entries of bread and cake and eighteen households exhibited preserves.

The art department was very fine and the poultry exhibit excellent. The business exhibit included a fine array of exhibits, and indicated the enterprise of this progressive town. As a whole the Brockton Agricultural Society surpassed all previous records in this exhibition.

On Thursday in the 2.40 class, the contestants finished, best two in three in the following order:

J. C. Harrington, Everett, b m Princess; D. H. Alis, Pawtucket, b g Independent; A. Johnson, Brockton, c g Chester; P. Bryant, Marshfield, b g Fred R.; J. C. Carr, Wareham, ch g Glendon; E. E. Cogswell, Hyde Park, ch g Little Don; Chas. Yapp, Alton, c s Young Gideon. The b m Kate Douglas and br m Lee Morris were distanced. A few of the premiums awarded stock are given below:

Working oxen—M. A. Packard, Brockton, first premium; \$4; L. R. Hall, North Rayham, second premium; \$3; E. D. Williams, Easton, third; \$2; second class, Fred Packard, Brockton, first; \$3; L. E. Copland, second; \$5; Martin Wood, Bridgewater, third; \$3; gratulities, C. H. Baldwin, Whitman, \$2; J. Hooper Leach, \$2.

Beef cattle—J. A. Littlefield, South Bedford, first premium; \$4; L. R. Hall, North Rayham, second premium; \$3; E. D. Williams, Easton, third; \$2; second class, Fred Packard, Brockton, first; \$3; L. E. Copland, second; \$5; Martin Wood, Bridgewater, third; \$3; gratulities, C. H. Baldwin, Whitman, \$2; J. Hooper Leach, \$2.

Swine—Philo Leach, Bridgewater, sow, first premium; \$6; same, litter of pigs, third; \$2; J. H. Hayes, master of the Oregon state range; J. M. Hubbard of Middletown, Ct.; overseer of the Connecticut state range; Albert A. Smith of Woonsocket, R. I.; George A. Chase of Medfield, lecturer of the Massachusetts state range, S. A. Hickox of Williamstown, N. B.; Douglas of Sherborn, and Dea E. H. Hutchinson of Sutton. The Bogus butter was the principal subject discussed. The exercises were interspersed by singing.

From eleven o'clock to five the judges of cattle were busily at work completing their awards.

A contest of special interest was that between the pairs of oxen. All succeeded in drawing five and six thousand pounds, but several failed to move the heavier weight of seven and eight thousand pounds, and only one yoke of oxen, that owned by Waite and Nichols of Brattleboro', Vermont, succeeded in moving nine thousand pounds.

noteworthy exhibit of Dutch belted cattle. Probably the only herds of the kind in the country are here exhibited.

Six head of these bred from the show cattle imported by Barnum a few years ago, and led by the bull Harry Alden are here, sent from the Locust Grove Farm at West Orange, N. J.

An unusual showing of Holstein-Friesians is made by George L. Wells of Wethersfield. J. A. Frye of Marlboro has the largest show on the grounds, including thirty-six Holsteins, led by Mercedes Prince, and sixteen Jerseys led by Brown Carlo. The sheep exhibit includes some fine animals, among these the pure Southdown Rex who weighs nearly 200 pounds, and leads a flock of nineteen. They are owned by Dr. Boutelle of Waterville, Maine.

E. N. Bisell of East Shoreham, Vermont, and C. S. Galusha of Williamstown, have a fine exhibit of Merinos, and E. F. Bowditch of Framingham includes in his fine exhibit some beautiful horned Dorsets.

The horses include many famous animals. Among these Erian Brook's Percheron stallion, Mercury, a handsome dapple gray, standing 16 1-2 hands high, and weighing 1450 pounds. He was imported from France in 1882, by the Massachusetts society for Promoting Agriculture. Mr. Brooks bought him a little more than two years ago, and since then has kept him on his farm at West Springfield.

Among the poultry shown are fine light and dark Brahmas from C. A. Ballou of Worcester, and R. H. King of Springfield. Other varieties are buff Cochins, Hamburgs, Polish fowls, and some fine water fowl shown by W. P. Perkins of Danvers, and F. H. Anderson of South Woodstock, Conn. The exhibit of machinery is peculiarly interesting.

The interior of the rink is handsomely decorated, and a fine display of farm work and oil paintings is made. While the merchants of Springfield are well represented.

The dairy building includes many other exhibits in addition to those belonging peculiarly to the dairy, but all departments have good shows.

The exhibits at Horticultural Hall are not yet entirely arranged, but a fine display of fruits and vegetables are made, while the floral exhibit is of rare beauty and includes a rare collection of aquatic plants from L. W. Goodell of Dwight. A steamer constructed of grains, fruits and flowers, and filled with fruit, vegetables and cereals is contributed by the grange of Wallingford, Conn., and occupies the center of the hall. It bears the legend "We can live and export." Col's Band of Hartford furnished excellent music during the evening.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 6.—Between three and four thousand tickets were taken at the gate to-day, and even a greater number visited the down town exhibit. The trial of fat cattle, oxen and steers took place this morning. The largest animal is the five-year-old steer owned by A. P. Freeman of Huntington, weighing 2650 pounds, and standing seventeen and one-half hands high.

The display of Holsteins was also a leading feature of the day. The horse-shoeing contest was unusually interesting. The first prize, \$50 in gold, was won by Richard Macarty.

The grand parade of horses took place at 2.30 this afternoon, when 150 noble animals filed down the mile track.

Percheron, French coach horses, fast trotters, and Shetland Ponies. Brattleboro, Vermont, contributes a town team comprising fifteen yoke of oxen, making together a line nearly seventy-five yards long.

Six o'clock in the evening is milking time at the park, and this operation is regarded with interest.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College has a special table, and the State may well be proud of the exhibit of fruits and vegetables there made.

Although the storm might be expected to interfere with the attendance on Saturday, there was almost as large an attendance as the day before, and President Burnett, Secretary Lincoln, and the other officers who have labored so untiringly to make the occasion successful, have good cause to be pleased with results.

The grounds are kept systematically clean and orderly, and it is noticeable because in marked contrast to many fairs. The judges awarded premiums on the Guernseys, Swiss and Jerseys. The only contestants in the Guernsey class were Levi P. Morton, republican candidate for Vice-President, and James Lawrence of Groton, while J. A. Bancroft and O. A. Kelley of Worcester were the only contestants in the prize for Swiss cattle.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 8.—There were as many as 20,000 people on Hampden Park to-day, and among these three thousand school-children. This was designated as school day, and a special meeting was held in the tent at two o'clock, presided over by State Master A. A. Brigham of Marlboro'. Speeches were made by these gentlemen: J. H. Hayes, master of the Oregon state range; J. M. Hubbard of Middletown, Ct.; overseer of the Connecticut state range; Albert A. Smith of Woonsocket, R. I.; George A. Chase of Medfield, lecturer of the Massachusetts state range, S. A. Hickox of Williamstown, N. B.; Douglas of Sherborn, and Dea E. H. Hutchinson of Sutton. The Bogus butter was the principal subject discussed. The exercises were interspersed by singing.

From eleven o'clock to five the judges of cattle were busily at work completing their awards.

A contest of special interest was that between the pairs of oxen. All succeeded in drawing five and six thousand pounds, but several failed to move the heavier weight of seven and eight thousand pounds, and only one yoke of oxen, that owned by Waite and Nichols of Brattleboro', Vermont, succeeded in moving nine thousand pounds.

There was a number of distinguished guests present on the grounds to-day. The fair is progressing very successfully.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 9.—It has come to be quite natural to expect rain on the occasion of an agricultural exhibition, but a snow-storm on a "fair day" is certainly an unlooked for occurrence, and that was just what occurred this afternoon, so that the music of the band was needed to give spirit to the shivering crowd assembled here.

It seems peculiarly fortunate that the wind and the snow should have decided upon Governor's Day for their appearance, but the weather must be endured at all events, and as many as ten thousand people endured it on the Bay State Fair Grounds to-day.

At 11.41 A. M. the gubernatorial party arrived from Boston, consisting of Gov. Ames, his wife and daughters, Misses Susie and Lillian Ames, Councilor F. D. Allen and wife of Lynn, Councilor G. W. Johnson and wife of Brookfield, Councilor L. J. Gunn and wife of Greenfield, Councilor Francis Jewett and wife of Lowell, Councilor E. M. McPherson and wife of Boston and Executive Clerk E. F. Hamlin of Newton. Lieut-Gov. Brackett was detained at home by a sick child. The party was met by L. J. Powers, Mayor Maynard and Mr. Burnett, and escorted to the Massasoit house where Ex-Gov. Robinson joined the party and luncheon was served.

At 1.30 the party were driven to the park. The big cattle parade then took place, including the display of 109 blooded cows, calves, bulls and oxen, led by Mercedes Prince and other huge Holstein bulls. The drill of the cadets from the Mass. Agricultural College was well executed, and proved a most entertaining feature.

The annual meeting of the New England Creameries Association was held at the grange tent at three o'clock this afternoon. J. S. Wells presided and these officers were elected: President, C. H. Waterhouse of Stafford, N. H.; secretary and treasurer, James Chessman of Boston; directors, J. A. Bancroft of Ellington, Ct.; Z. A. Gilbert of Maine, T. G. Hazard of Rhode Island and George T. Alpin of Vermont.

The subject before the meeting was oleomargarine, and addresses were made by F. E. Curtis of Charleston, N. Y.; Maj. Alvord of the Maryland Agricultural College and formerly secretary of the society, Herbert Myrick of this city, A. A. Bingham of Marlboro', master of the State Grange; Mr. Woodward of the State Agricultural Society of New York, Z. A. Gilbert, secretary of the Maine State Board of Agriculture, and W. R. Sessions, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

Many interesting points were brought out in the discussion which waxed warm. A reception was given the Governor and party this evening at the residence of L. J. Powers on Pearl street. It was largely attended.

To-morrow will be Holyoke's day, and a large attendance is reasonably expected. The Fair closes for this year's session, Thursday evening, Oct. 11, and the result will undoubtedly prove that this Bay State Fair has been truly successful.

## PREMIUM AWARDS.

### Shorthorns.

Judges, Luther Adams and John S. Anderson. Herds—premium 46, gold medal or \$40; 1st S H Ellis & Son, of East Longmeadow, br Bull Constante Duke \$5,275, cows Empress, brand 2nd Empress 3d, Rosebud, Red Lily.

Bull one year old—premium 49, \$25, 1st S H Ellis & Son of East Longmeadow, Constante Duke \$5,275, bred by B Sumner & Son of Woodstock, Ct., sire Wild Eyes Red Grand 67,983, dam Constante of the Manor; 2d Waite & Nichols of Brattleboro, Vt.

Bull calf over three months and under one year to be shown with dam—premium 50, \$15, 1st S H Ellis & Son of East Longmeadow, Duke of Clover Lawn bred by them, sire Constante 85,275, dam Empress.

Cows three years old and over—premium 51, \$30, 1st S H Ellis & Son of East Longmeadow, Empress 2d, bred by them, sire Orion 62,988, dam Empress.

Heifer two years old—premium 52, \$20, 1st S H Ellis & Son of East Longmeadow, Em press 3d, bred by them, sire Crawford 85,321, dam Empress.

Heifers one year old—premium 53, \$15, 85, 1st Dudley Wells of Wethersfield, Ct., Flora Menteth 9992, bred by him; sire Menteth 4183, dam Flora McCarthy 4821. Second, A S Tabbs of Mexico, N. Y., Alle Peersless, bred by him; sire Peersless Douglas 5019, dam Alle Douglas 5100.

Heifer calf under twelve months—Premium 9, \$8, 1st, Dudley Wells of Wethersfield, Ct., Flora Norton, bred by him; sire Menteth 4183, dam Flora McCarthy 4821. Second, G A Fletcher of Milton, Zilla DeWitt 9732, bred by him; sire Pedro 3714, dam Zilla Douglas 3d.

Special premium of \$25, offered by Ayrshire Breeders' Association for best Ayrshire calf of any age, Dudley Wells of Wethersfield, Ct., Major Bertram.

Special premium of \$25, offered by Ayrshire Breeders' Association for best Ayrshire cow of any age, A S Tabbs of Mexico, N. Y.; Leda Belle.

Fat cattle, oxen and steers.

Fat ox, four years old or over—Premium 74, \$30, 1st; First and second, E A Bailey of Winthrop, Me.

Fat steer, three years old—Premium 75, \$30, 1st; First W F Richardson, of Brattleboro, Vt. Second E A Bailey of Winthrop, Me.

Fat steer under three years old—Premium 76, \$20, 1st; First and second, E A Bailey of Winthrop, Me.

Fat cow over three weeks old—Premium 77, \$25, 1st; First and second, E A Bailey of Winthrop, Me.

### Holsteins.

Holstein herds—Premium 28, gold medal or \$40; First, W A Russell of North Andover; bull, Lord of Cornwall 3429; cows, Lady Noble 369; Maud Clay 390; Lady Shepard 1086; Maud Marion 24, 4334; Madame Aberdare 6803. Second (complementary) J A Frye of Marlboro, bull Ademas 6766; cows, Neah 8278, Butterly 906, Spookie 7876, Braintree Jonkie 3884, Klaska Hengeveld 24, 1261.

Cow three years or over—premium 60, \$30, 1st; 1st, Jonathan Hoag of Tomhannock, N. Y., Vera 7204, bred by Chauncy Atwood of Woodbury, Ct., sire Cornell 2079; dam Beauty 600; 2d, J A Bill of Lyme, Ct., Bill's Rose 281, bred by him, sire Samson Y, 1888.

Heifer two years old—premium 61, \$20, 1st; 1st, N. B. Reed of Princeton, Fanny Hill 6833, bred by Mrs L E Cox of Grafton, sire Capt De-long, dam Broad Horn Beauty; 2d, Jonathan Hoag of Tomhannock, N. Y., Modesta, 6992, bred by him, sire Fortune 2750, dam Susy 4145.

Heifer one year old—premium 62, \$15, 85; 1st J A Bill of Lyme, Ct., Bill's Rose 2907 7112, bred by him, sire Samson Y 1888; 2d Jonathan Hoag of Tomhannock, N. Y., Maud of Orleans 7408, bred by him, sire Take Prize 2921, dam Snowhump 6754.

Heifer calf under 12 months old—premium 63, \$8, 85; 1st Jonathan Hoag of Tomhannock, N. Y., Queen Vera, bred by him, sire Shiloh 3845, dam Vera 7204; 2d Jonathan Hoag of Tomhannock, N. Y., Quenchy, bred by him, sire







## OUR HOMES.

## THE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY THOMAS DENN ENGLISH.

Within my lonely chamber  
I sit at daylight's close,  
Beneath the star of radiance  
The shaded gossamer throes.  
A heap of half worn letters  
Upon the table spread—  
Less tokens they than fetters  
To bind me to the dead.  
And one by one I burn them,  
For they revive again  
The thoughts of early manhood  
At three score years and ten!  
Burnt offerings to oblivion  
I make without a tear;  
In flame and smoke they vanish—  
But stay! what have we here?  
An ebon casket olden,  
I open it with care,  
To find a way ringlet  
Of soft and silvery hair.

Ah! long-time hidden relic!  
This silken lock was hers;  
And to its deeps my spirit  
With tender feeling stirs.  
Back to the days of childhood  
My mind returns and brings  
A bright and vivid picture  
Of long-forgotten things.  
I hear the tone of music,  
All hearts around that won;  
I see the loving glances  
That fell upon her son.  
I feel the sweet caresses  
That gave my heart such joy,  
When that dear hair was auburn  
And I was but a boy.  
I feel the yearning tender  
That followed me for years,  
The blessing when we parted  
She gave me through her tears.

The fond beliefs of childhood,  
The earnest faith in dreams,  
The nymphs that haunt the wildwood,  
The mermaids of the streams,  
The fairies of the meadows,  
The witches lean and gray—  
Mere unsubstantial shadows—  
All these may pass away.  
But though the careless fancies  
Of early days depart,  
And with them the romances  
That thrilled the childish heart;  
Though time, with iron fingers,  
All else may check or chill,  
One master feeling lingers  
Within the ebon shell.  
Nor age nor death can smother  
That purest love and best.  
The true man learns the mother  
Who nursed him at her breast.

## A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.

We had been so long penned up in small apartments, so long at the mercy of "the people on the next floor," so long obliged to look about, and look about, with no hope of seeing anything better than the house we lived in, that I resolved to go and live in the country.

I broached this subject to my wife—for I am a married man—and she agreed to it. I asked the baby, and the boy two years old, whose white, pallid little faces had long been pleading for fresh air and sweet milk, and they agreed to it. It was therefore carried, "nem. con." that we all were to go and live in the country.

I must confess that this decision rather worked upon my nerves. I have a bad habit of waking in the night, and thinking over subjects that had occurred through the day; and upon the night succeeding the evening we concluded to reside in the country, I awoke from a deep dream of rural delights to a calmer contemplation of the situation.

I remembered Mr. Sparrowgrass.

I remembered that funny man and trembled.

What if it should turn out a delusion and a snare, after all—this living in the country? What if pigs should break through and steal; if horses should turn out to be "weavers;" if neighbors should rush in with revolvers because of the frailty of dumb waiters; if dogs' tails should be amputated for fun; if drains should be dug or built of absurd dimensions, with bills corresponding? What if the whole scheme should be but a device of the enemy to make us fly from the evils we knew unto where we had not the least conception of? If, after all our weary wanderings, we should set our faces cityward again, and be glad to get back to the second floor or the third floor; to the dirty neighbors; to the quarrelsome street guerrillas; to the drunken men, the pickpockets, the corner grocers, and the baka-shops? I say I propounded all these questions to myself with the flickering shadow from the gas in the street shimmering on the wall, and echo answered:

What if it shouldn't?

So I bravely resolved to take Time by the forelock and look in the paper in the morning.

I bought the morning paper, and in the "Houses to Let" I found this announcement:

**TO LET** at Melrose, on the Harlem R. R., 20 minutes from City. A grand, two-story cottage, suitable for a small family. A fine garden attached to the premises. Good society, schools, and churches. Rent \$250 per year. Apply to "Whoever he may be," at the Depot.

I shall not give that agent's name, for I owe him a grudge, and will, thereby, pay it in full.

In my delight I threw down the paper and shouted "Hurrah!"

"What is the matter?" said my wife.

"My dear," I replied, "I have found it. Listen"—and then I read the advertisement above.

"Confound these city houses, or, rather, rooms," I continued. "Look out of the window! Do you see?—four goats foraging on the corner groceryman; two young villains upsetting people's ash-barrels, and a gang of dirty scoundrels playing hopscotch, and defiling the sidewalk. We will change this picture to look on this: The view from the genteel cottage will look out on venerable elms, the country-seats of gentlemen, and pet lambs grazing on a velvet sward; while, perchance, milkmaids go meandering down green lanes, plucking as they go the yellow primrose. Eh, my dear! how do you like that? What do you think of the yellow primrose?"

"I think," said my wife, "you are counting your chickens before the eggs are laid. You had better see this genteel cottage before you go into any more raptures."

This proposition was so sensible that I acted upon it immediately.

I arrived at Melrose, on the Harlem. I found the agent—he was not at the depot, where he said he would be in his advertise-

ment—but at home, down a muddy lane, in the bosom of his family, eating buckwheat cakes, which he was industriously masticating as he took the door-knob in his hand to let me in.

"Have you a genteel cottage, with good society to let?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, still chewing.

"Where is it situated?"

He stopped chewing, came to the door, and looked out.

"You see that chimney?" he said, pointing to one.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go down this road, turn to the left, take the next right-hand turning, and the third house is the one."

As I was going out he handed me a card, saying, "This will admit you to see the premises."

It is a curious feature in directions that you are always to turn to the left, in some part or other of a journey. I took the route pointed out, and on my way observed the surroundings.

"Good society," I murmured; "it is strange what a predilection this agent's good society has for larger bier!" Nearly every other house was devoted to the sale of it.

I did not see the verdant lawns, nor so many country seats, as I expected, and altogether I was a little disappointed. Nevertheless I resolved to go through the business, so I went on to the house, and knocked at the front-door.

While waiting for a response I had time to observe the surroundings.

It was a nice little place enough, with evergreens in the front-yard, and, altogether, quite a cozy home. I waited patiently for some answer to my knock, but none being forthcoming, I repaired to the back door, which I had no sooner tapped than it was opened with a snap.

It was so sudden it made me think of trout-fishing. I suppose the woman saw my errand in my face, for when I asked politely if I might see the premises, she answered:

"Well, I don't think you can," she said, retreating, and closing the door, gradually; "there's been about forty here, within a week, to see the premises, and I don't like it a bit—they tramp all over the house, dirty the carpets, look into all the bedchambers, pick at the paper on the walls, and act shameful."

"Madame," I replied, with suavity, "I am a fellow-sufferer in this respect. I have had my carpets dirtied, my bedchambers tried into, my wall-paper picked at, and can sympathize with you. If there is any human being more despicable than another in my eyes, it is the professional house-hunter. If you would kindly allow me one glimpse at the interior of your charmingly-neat and exquisitely-furnished domicile, so that I can tell my wife what it is like, I shall be satisfied."

What woman can resist a compliment? Not one. This one couldn't. I avoided the bedchambers, I stepped carefully on the hem of the carpets, I never so much as looked at the wall-paper, and by such diplomacy so gained the good-will of the careful housewife that she told me all.

The man opposite, she told me, kept dogs, and they made such a "yowing, nightingale, body couldn't sleep." That the roof leaked. That "the cars was close by, and hooted and tooted; and for all the fruit there was, you might put it in your eye." Moreover, "them nasty Dutch was so thick that you might as well be in Holland." With such converse she beguiled the time until I departed. I went back to see the agent again. I mistreated the good woman's tale. I asked some particulars, and he said she had occupied the house for many years, but that the rent having been raised she didn't want to leave, and so told wrong stories.

Upon a fuller view of the circumstances I decided to take the house. I told the agent so.

"Very well," he said, "you can have it, although three or four gentlemen have been after it."

I told him that those three or four gentlemen at present resided in a castle in Spain. "Do you know them?" he inquired.

"I know lots of them," I replied; whereupon he took down my address, and we parted like Damon and Pythias.

When I rejoined my family in the evening, I told them all about it. We agreed that we could not expect every thing for \$225 per year, and were too glad at the prospect of getting away from New York to be critical. We made all possible haste and preparation for the next two weeks, for we had but little time to move in.

Mark the treachery of man. I received a note, just as we were all ready to move, reading as follows:

"Melrose Station, March, 18—  
"Dear Sir—The parties as was a looking at the house before you has concluded to take it. I am therefore obliged to let it to them yours respectfully."

I showed this document to my wife. We agreed that it was a happy deliverance.

"A fellow," I said, loftily, "who is so dead to all principle would be an undesirable landlord."

"He might raise the rent every month," said my wife, "after we got in."

"So he might, my dear; we will have nothing to do with him;" and we said no more about it.

We unpacked our things, and looked about again.

This misadventure did not in the least dampen our ardor, or quench our determination to have a home in the country. But the first of May was at hand, and it behooved us to use diligence. It was, however, painful to discover such duplicity in man. Dr. Wayland says—Well, it is no matter what he said, as it is not pertinent to this narrative; whatever he may have asserted he has my full permission to say it again.

Our resort was to the paper again. We there discovered that all sorts of benevolent people had dwellings which they were anxious to rent at reasonable rates. To one of

these I applied. The office was in Burlington Slip. I started at eight o'clock.

"My dear," I said to my wife, "I am determined to be ahead of the four other gentlemen who will inevitably appear, and claim this dwelling for my own."

When I arrived at the place there were not only four, but six in waiting, and each asserted peculiar claims to precedence.

It is of no use to go over the arguments we presented to each other to sustain our claims. I should like to see the Supreme Court get around them. But I will say that after long and tedious waiting the proprietor put in an appearance, and we all beset him.

He heard us through as well as he could, and I thought he looked as though he wished he had not advertised. After regarding us with a severe aspect he said:

"Gentlemen, I can't rent the house to all of you; perhaps you will be so kind as to draw lots for it?"

At this proposition I departed. Of all transactions I hate drawing lots. I never took a chance in my life that I did not lose it. The shortest straw inevitably falls to me.

In going home a bright thought struck me. "If the mountain won't come to Mohammed," I said, inwardly, "perhaps I may discover an eligible country seat by advertising myself." On this thought I acted. I said in type:

**Gentlemen** with a small family desire a small house in the country, with a garden attached, near a horse road, and a City Hall.

In response to this notice I received several letters, most of which came from parties who called 1024 Street and Third Avenue, and similar localities, the country. At length, however, I received by the morning mail a modest missive, written with blue ink, which said that there was a small house in New Jersey, sixteen miles away, with garden, fruit, etc., all convenient, and that immediate possession could be had. It was in Wheat-sheaf. "Wheat-sheaf!" I said. "Romantic name! I will go there!" and I did. I found the house. There was said about four gentlemen having been there previously, which I took as a good omen. "In these rural glades," I moralized, "every prospect pleases, and man is not at all vile."

In appearance the house was not prepossessing. It consisted of a square main building and a lean-to. If any there be who never saw a "lean-to," I will say it is a wing with a sloping roof like a shed, and stuck up against the side of the house. In a word, it leans to it.

There were four rooms and an attic. The exterior was unpainted, but the interior had at one time been frescoed by a painter (who once occupied it) and was in good preservation. It was a house not of today, but of the last half century. The ceilings were low; the fire-places made for wood, wide and deep; the mantle pieces narrow and high, like the stocks our grandfathers wore. The garden was about a quarter of an acre; and behind the house two great walnut-trees stood sentry over it. Altogether the surroundings and the house were not unattractive.

On inquiring the rent it was found to be ridiculously low. It was not for filthy lucre, so the hospitable proprietor assured me, that he rented his premises, but to have good neighbors; and he said I might have it. I was, therefore, by implication, a good neighbor and tenant, which I proceeded to exemplify by paying down five dollars on the spot as surety.

I went home with a light heart. I had been regaled with New Jersey cider, six months old, sweet as it ought to be, and with a decidedly alcoholic strength. I had eaten of chicken. I had obtained the desire of my heart—a home in the country, and I thought I had good reason to be thankful.

This time there were no disagreeable drawbacks; indeed, the kind people from whom we hired the house were on the point of going many miles with their farm-wagon to transport our furniture when we anticipated them by moving in.

From this house, then, I write. There is a well of clear cold water on the premises, three large cherry-trees in front, a row of currant-bushes, a barn and a yard, two walnut trees, and a long grape-trellis. The country surrounding is level, and behind the house is a dense wood.

I propose, for the benefit of suffering dwellers in the city, to tell what befell us in the year that we have lived in New Jersey.

Too many people with country residences in their eye commit the error of supposing that all conveniences are about there. By convenience I mean opportunities to purchase household stores, clothing, and such trivial affairs that are necessary to comfort. They go into the country with cows, pigs, and chickens in their eyes, sweet milk and eggs in perspective, spring chickens and roosters, to say nothing of fruit and vegetables in their season. These things are very fine, but I do not think any one could live in the country solely because these material desires could be gratified. If there be no better aim than this, be assured, oh reader, country living will have little charms for you as for Mr. Sparrowgrass!

By country I do not mean a perked-up provincial town, with its isolated brick stores, its few feet of flagging, and its plank sidewalks, with cracks to catch the unwary feet. I mean the woods and fields—I mean the brooks and rivers that flow down to the sea.

It was for these things as much as any thing else that we quitted brick walls and sidewalks, and we found our account in it.

"My dear," I said, in one of the pauses of tacking down a carpet, "I don't know what to make of this New Jersey soil; I am afraid it is not good for any thing. It looks like ground floor-pots. It is as red as bricks, and sticks to the feet like kite-paste. I know, at all events, that some astonishing pumpkins and sweet potatoes are grown here; and, for one, I am not afraid to buy."

We therefore selected plain garden vegetables—beets, onions, parsnips, radishes, string-beans, squashes, cauliflowers, cabbages

sweet corn, water-melons, musk-melons, to-matoes, nasturtiums, parsley, spinach, and one or two others I have forgotten. Neither was the flower garden forgotten. Those who inhabited the place before us had not time to cultivate flowers, but to us life in the country would be a small thing without birds, flowers, and chickens. I therefore threw up a circular plat in front of the house, about four feet in diameter, and set out simple plants in it. Such flowers as we both loved in youth, and such as we had not seen in long years—no, not since the time I stepped over the threshold of home and went away to the West in search of a fortune—went away, leaving the mother on the steps looking after me, as she will never look again.

After all these little offices had been performed we waited to see the effect. It was the first of April we moved into our new home, and it took but a little while to do the most important parts. As yet there were but few signs of spring in the land. The trees were bare and devoid of foliage. The fields were withered and sodden as the melting snow left. There was a breath of winter in the air, trailing after him in his flight, as the smoke of a steamer trails far along the horizon. The birds had not vouchsafed a single twitter—not even the blue-bird, with his querulous note, sounded the advance of the season so dear to all hearts.

But it was coming for all, and in a few days a wondrous change took place. The very edge of the morning melted into air as soft as the breathing of a baby. The frowning skies, harsh with the remembrance of bitter winds and drenching rains, grew rosy red under the smile of the sun. Little sprigs of green were visible in the fields, the trees grew big with life, and put forth buds, and in a week after the meadows were alive with birds of all kinds. The leaves unfolding, the sights and sounds on every hand—the cattle lowing to get out of the yards, the noise of a brook not far away—all conspired to make us glad of the day we quitted the city.

My wife was delighted; our children took the greatest interest in every thing, and we all wondered that we had been so long content to abide in town.

One morning, after we were fairly settled in our new abode, I said to my wife: "There is a vacant pig-pen in our barn-yard which ought to be put to some purpose. We haven't so much room that we can afford to waste any, and I can think something ought to be done with this vacant apartment. Don't you?"

She said "yes" but that she did not propose of pigs, either collectively or in the abstract. "Nor I either," I added. "They squeal awfully when they are not full, and filling a pig is a hopeless task; they always want more. They are dirty, and we never eat pork. I think the space might be devoted to chickens."

And it was therefore moved and seconded that chickens be purchased to occupy the vacant pig-pen; so that day I bought some. In selecting them I took care to get hens—not pullets that were but a few months old, and had to be fed three or four months before they would lay, and then not do much at it. I bought old hens, and not intentionally, a very old rooster. I selected him chiefly, I may say, on account of a white lace tail and a majestic mien; but when I got him home he was found to be blind of one eye, lame in one leg, with monstrous spurs as long as my thumb on both legs; and generally superannuated. After a few weeks of curving and prancing he was devoted to the soup-pot, and came out of it much better than he went in. To our surprise he was not, at all tough, but quite highly flavored. As Bridget remarked, he was "illegant ating."

The hens were by no means the least of our delights. The idea of real honest fresh eggs for breakfast, laid on the premises, was too novel to be real; at least it seemed so to us. We had been accustomed to buy eggs in the city that had at some time been fresh; and it was always a matter of congratulation that eggs were eatable. But here we had actual eggs of home-manufacture, fresh as could be. And between the joy of discovery and the joy of eating them they certainly "paid." Moreover, another rooster which we bought was a magnificent fellow, with a voice like a trumpet, and an appetite to correspond. The rabbits from the neighboring wood were rather too friendly, as they ate up all the cauliflower, but will not allow us to eat them. And in the fall the nuts we gathered from our trees amounted to a barrelful. The grape-vine yielded an abundance. The cherry-trees have many jarsful of representatives in our closet; on the first day of June we had cherry-pudding from our own trees—yes, cherry-pudding! If there be trees which grow bread-fruit, why not pudding-fruit?

We laugh at landlords. We understand that the rents in the city are to be raised to an incredible extent this year; and we say, "that is good, because it will drive more people out of the city." We have positively no drawbacks. In the summer there are countless mosquitoes, but one soon gets used to them, and they sing a pleasant roundelay that is really quite refreshing. It is quite the thing to have one perched on the nose, and go about with an air of insouciance, pretending not to know it was there. Last summer we left a pail of butter out, over night, and in the morning it had vanished. Somebody took it—but I don't know who. We have now a large dog, so that is ended. Nothing would induce us to move back to the city. We have all that is necessary, and others will find that, in these days of rapid traveling, it is cheaper to live in the country than in the city.—Harper's Magazine.

By discreet in all things and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any. There is nothing mysterious about the action of Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. It puts the stomach in healthy action. Good discretion and health naturally follow. Be discreet and use this, the best remedy.

## THE TWO LIVES.

BY WILLIAM CANTON.

Among the lonely hills they played;  
No other beings there knew;  
A little lad, a little maid,  
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks  
A childish comedy of life—  
Kept house and milked the crimson docks,  
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school—they used to go  
With arms about each other laid;  
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,  
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

And so—and so it came to pass  
They loved each other ever they knew;  
His heart was like a blade of grass,  
And hers was like its drop of dew.

The years went by; the changeable years  
Brought larger life, and toil for life;  
They parted in the dusk with tears—  
They called each other man and wife.

They married—she another maid,  
And he, in time, another maid;  
The story ends as it began—  
Among the lonely hills they played.

## IN THE OLD WELL.

"There's no use talking. Uncle Jedediah was never known to help anybody!" said Phiney Metz, despondently.

"But we might ask him. That wouldn't cost anything," said her sister Tilda, who sat on the table swinging her pretty, shabby little feet to and fro in a perplexed fashion.

Josephine and Matilda—those were the real names of these brown-faced, sturdy little lassies who were trying to battle in the hard, uncompromising world. Old Mr. Metz was dead; the Metz farm had passed into other hands, and all the distant relatives had made up their minds that Phiney and Tilda were really no business of theirs.

There was only ten dollars in the slender purse which belonged to their joint firm, and something, they felt, must be done. And so their thoughts reverted to an ancient grand-uncle, one Jedediah Jackson, who had gone to Harpersville, and there vegetated in a dim old jewelry shop, where he mended watches, repaired silverware, and repaired damaged spectacles for all the old gentlemen and ladies in the neighborhood.

To Uncle Jedediah they went. He viewed them with lackluster eyes, with a magnifying glass in one hand and a chamois leather in the other.

"Eh?" he said. "My niece Mary's daughters? It seems to me that I do remember something about her dying and there being a lawsuit about the farm. Father gone too, eh? Well, well, this is a world of changes. If you could find something for us to do, Uncle Jedediah," faintly began Phiney.

"There's always something for people to do in this world. At least, that's my experience. Take off your bonnets, girls. You are welcome to a home here, such as it is," he said.

Uncle Jedediah was kind in an odd, absent-minded way, to his grandnieces. He obtained a place as shop-girl for Phiney, and kept Tilda at home as housekeeper and general factotum—and the fresh, rosy country girls lost never a shade of bloom in the quaint city home.

Two leafy trees whispered over the bow-window where hung the watches and eyeglasses, and just opposite the door a singular depression in the pavement held the light July rains long after they had dried away from the other places.

"Uncle Jedediah, why don't you have that place filled up?" said Phiney.

And she looked despairingly at the little shoe splashed with wet which she had unguardedly placed in the treacherous pool.

"My dear, I have, but the pavement settles again. It's the site of an old well that used to be here long before the houses were built," answered the old man.

Phiney looked up and down the quiet elm-shaded street. Was it possible that a farmhouse well once bubbled up here, that cool plantain-leaves carpeted the ground, and that thirsty children came here to drink?

"It can't be healthy," said Tilda.

"It ain't unhealthy that ever I found out," said Uncle Jedediah, searching among a drawer full of tiny screws for some desired variety of spiral.

The next morning was Sunday. All the simple household slept an hour or so later on this day of rest, as a general thing, so that the sun was shining through the shutter cracks of the little shop when Phiney came to call her uncle to breakfast. But, to her surprise, the faded morning lounge, upon which he usually slept, was empty; he sat in an arm-chair near the flickering gas-light—which shone so yellow and murky in contrast with the golden morning beams—bending over his work.

"Uncle Jedediah! didn't you know that it was Sunday?" cried Phiney, in dismay.

But Uncle Jedediah did not answer her. He never spoke a word more in this world. He was quite dead.

"Eighty-odd years old. What can you expect? People are not born immortal nowadays. And such a nice little business he had. Dear, dear! there wasn't a man near could repair a watch as he could!" said the neighbors.

The place, the property, and all were left to his nieces, and it was quite a windfall, for Uncle Jedediah had always been an honest, hard-working man.

"What are we to do?" said Tilda.

"We can't carry on the business of repairing jewelry," said Phiney.

Old Major Deeply suggested that the place should be sold. Alderman Doublechin intimated that the city might perhaps pay a fair price for the place as a site for an hospital. Mr. Chippendale offered ten thousand dollars for the right to transform it into a dry goods emporium.

But while the girls were considering these various offers a strange thing came to pass. Matilda came down to breakfast one morning with a troubled face.

"Phiney, I have had such a distressful dream," said she.

"O Tilda, dear so have I!" exclaimed Josephine.

"Uncle Jedediah!" gasped Tilda.

"Yes, Uncle Jedediah. Looking at me as

pale as death and trying to tell me something, only no sound issued from his lips," said Phiney.

"Uncle Jedediah, with a little rusty old pick-axe, trying to dig up the paving stones over the old well," said Tilda.

"What do you suppose it means, Tilda?" asked her sister.

"O dear, I don't know," cried Tilda, wringing her hands, "but I shall not rest quietly until we have the old well opened."

Major Deeply laughed scornfully. Alderman Doublechin intimated that he had no patience with superstition.

But Phiney and Tilda, in nowise dismayed, summoned two or three stalwart men and set them to digging, and they dug steadily for nearly half a day.

"I told you so; nothing but stones and rusty iron," said Major Deeply.

"What else could there be?" remarked Alderman Doublechin, with contempt.

"The theory of my dear friend, the Rev. Mr. Sapper," began Mr. Chippendale, "has always been that—"

"Hallo!" cried one of the red-shirted giants, whose head had long ago disappeared below the level of the pavement: "here's an old iron kettle soldered up as tight as a brickbat! And it's as heavy as if it was weighted with lead. Look alive up there! There you are!"

It was the old fairy story over again. A pot of buried treasure—the savings of Uncle Jedediah's lifetime—hidden in the dried-up well.

They excavated the whole front of the store, but found nothing except mold and creeping beetles; and the next week they commenced the work of tearing down the ancient structure, from which, phoenix-like, a dry goods emporium was about to rise.

There was not so much money in the iron pot, after all; only about two thousand dollars in old silver coins. But that, with the price paid to our two heroes by the Emporium Company, made them independent.

They went back to the little country village and bought back the homestead, settling quietly down there for life, to the great delight of all the relations, who, if their own testimony could be believed, had not experienced a happy moment since Matilda and Josephine had gone away.

And when they married—as marry, of course, they did—and entered on the sweet kingdom of homes of their own, they never forgot good Uncle Jedediah. And their little ones, begging for fairy stories in the dusk, would always say:

"Mamma, please begin with the one about Uncle Jedediah's buried treasure, because that is a real fairy story."—True Flag.



## UNGIPTED.

BY HATTIE F. CHUCKER.

If I could paint—O, then my soul would flow  
Upon the canvas, till in beauty there  
Should stand a lovely picture drawn by  
Some hand that I might call my own.  
More beautiful than any old or rare  
Should ever grace the walls of any home.  
I paint sweet Nature's face that every heart  
Should recognize her Maker, and adore;  
But no, I cannot, I can only sit  
And view the wondrous landscape o'er and o'er.

If I could write—I'd stir the hearts of men  
And e'en the loveless and the cold;  
I'd write the story of the life of God,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.  
I'd write the story of the life of man,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.  
I'd write the story of the life of man,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.

If I could sing—I'd touch the world  
And e'en the loveless and the cold;  
I'd sing the story of the life of God,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.  
I'd sing the story of the life of man,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.  
I'd sing the story of the life of man,  
And show the path to glory and to gold.

## LETTERS TO GIRLS.

I often hear girls say, "Oh, I've got a new pattern for knit lace," or, "I've learned to make paper flowers." Now, I dare say, your lace will wear longer than wovens; your flowers, well made, are pretty decorations. These things are well enough for you, but how many of you do anything useful?

This does not apply to the large class of our country girls who honestly work for their living, and are therefore respectable and respected; a girl who has sold goods all day in a store, tended machines in a factory, made or trimmed bonnets, served for a dressmaker, can knit lace or make paper flowers in her leisure, without remark or criticism from any one; she has earned a right to amusement of any harmless kind; but when I see, as I do so often, girls who spend their time working, driving, doing fancy work, dancing, whenever they can, living—if this is living—as a self-indulgent idleness, while their fathers and mothers are working hard to give them this leisure, I want to shake them. Yes, I want to shake them, I want to shake them, I want to shake them.

"Girls, wake up! What are you doing? What did God make you for? Are you going for anything in heaven above or earth beneath?"

And, indeed, what are they good for? I don't think that any of them are at home; they never get up in time for breakfast if they can help it; they never offer to wash the dishes, to sweep, to dust. If they make their own beds it is under protest and complaint; and as for cooking, a Hottentot knows better how to prepare a meal than the nominally Christian girl; and their sewing would pass muster at an old-fashioned dame school. They don't help their mothers in anything, not even by loving them; for self-indulgence is a dry rot that eats out all the moral affections, and leaves in their place self-love, self-conceit, impatience of control, disobedience, and all the repellent traits of this self center thrives out from its daily revolutions.

What do they read? Novels. Now, there are novels which are part of a liberal education, which breathe life and interest into the dry bones of historic record, or impress great moral truths by vivid illustrations, but the sort these girls read is trash, if no worse. They live by their reading in an atmosphere of flimsy, wide-drawn sentiment, ungrounded and therefore bewitching passion, lofty airs of high society, falsehood, perjury, indecency, even crime.

This sort of reading ruins the intellect of the girl, destroys her delicacy, degrades their moral fiber, and makes their language high flown and absurd.

See, if you would, each and all of you, to the household, to help your mother; but secondarily to fit yourselves for a useful future, how good and fitting to your position and destiny it would be. Oh, my girls, do take care of your mothers. You do not know what you are doing, I am sure, when you thwart their wishes, are disobedient, careless, cold—perhaps contemptuous. Some day, when you are yourselves mothers, and know what pain, what danger, what "infinite anguish of patience" it takes to bear and rear a child, you will look back and wonder with remorse why you did not love your mother more and help her more while she lived. There is no love on earth like a mother's; once lost you can never replace it; no other human being will give you a love, motherly, fervent, faithful affection, neither can the flood drown. That is the gift of a real mother. Cherish it, girls, even if her care and pre-occupation is a little irksome now to your careless, eager young souls; believe me, the time will come when you will long with a thirst of a soul and a body for one day of her presence and you can not have it.

Besides this, what are you going to do when you are married, as you all expect to be, if you do not know how to keep house? There is an old, well considered a scornful saying, "That the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach;" but it is a physiological fact. No man, coming home from hard or continuous labor of brain or hand, can sit down to an unpalatable, indigestible meal without producing a gastric irritation that also reaches the sympathetic brain; if you cooked, or had cooked that underdone steak, those greasy fried oysters, that lumpy potato, that sour bread that do not satisfy his hunger and do excite his dyspepsia, do you think he will be grateful or affectionate to you?

Moreover, half the trouble of servants will be spared you, if you know what they ought to do, and how they ought to do it; ignorant and exacting mistresses will always have impatient and rebellious servants while we have a few more. Then, when you have learned to keep house, learn how to sew; by using Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It is guaranteed the best. Sold by your druggists for \$1. Contains 120 doses. Take no other for it.

good work from it, who does not understand sewing. No machine can furnish a garment as fingers can; I mean instructed fingers.

Then banish your silly novels; read good ones that any well-educated friend can select for you; read biographies, and so learn what others have suffered and attained to give you hope and courage to lead a noble life. Read history, and gather from the imperfect records of the ages, the broken outlines of God's great purposes in the race of man; just as from the tide marks, the pebbles, and the shells you can spell the length of the great ocean waves, how far they swept up the shore, how they were upon the cliffs that defined them, crumbled haughty cliffs into the sea. Read travels with a map, and see how other races live; what Providence has created for their food and pleasure; what central fires have wrought, in their awful leaps through the bosom of the earth.

Read good poetry and see the beauty of nature, of heart, of soul, that open to the real poet's eye, and celebrated in the music of his verse. Above all, read the Bible; the one Book that never wears, is never exhausted. The volume in which all the power of human language set forth the splendor, the power, the strength, the gentleness, and the love of God; drink deep of its living springs, for these and these alone can so satisfy the weary soul that it shall thirst no more, here or there.—ROSE TERRY COOKE, in the Inter-Ocean.

## THE GARDEN.

"No, I'll never speak to you again. To leave May Angelina where puss could get hold of her! See how her dress is torn and her darling hair pulled out!—you're as hateful as you can be, and I'll do something ugly to you—see if I don't."

And Nannie ran out into the garden too angry to wait and hear a word from Mabel. She passed near a beautiful lady pea-vine which climbed on a little trellis. This was Mabel's; she loved her sweet peas better than any other flowers. The pretty-colored, sweet-scented blossoms almost covered the vine.

It struck Nannie that she could not find anything more "ugly" to do than to spoil this vine, and she began picking off the flowers and throwing them on the ground.

But her heart soon misgave her; her hand moved slower and slower, till it fell at her side, refusing to crush and bruise the innocent things. She threw herself down beside the vine and cried harder than ever. The sun seemed to smile at her, and the summer wind fanned her hot little cheeks. And up a tree a bird seemed to be singing:

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer cheer cheer cheer up, cheer up, cheer up!"

But it was of no use saying "cheer up" to her. She could not get over the abuse which her precious May Angelina, given to her only a week ago for passing in arithmetic (which she always hated), had suffered.

After a while she grew quieter, and then she fancied she heard other sobs than her own; very soft little sobs, such tiny sniffs and sighs, not near big enough for a humming-bird or a butterfly, that she listened very intently, thinking she might be mistaken and set up to look about her.

Then how she was amazed at seeing that the sweet pea vine was covered with the daintiest mist of ladies that could be imagined. There they sat among the green leaves, on the slender stems, in delicate little dresses of pink or purple with lovely shadings, while some had combination suits of pink and white.

And they were all crying. They had handkerchiefs of dandelion down, almost too much for Nannie to see, but plenty large enough for such small tears. As Nannie looked with big eyes, wondering how it was she had never seen them before, she noted that they were all looking down on the ground. She looked down, too, and to her great shame and confusion saw lying there half a dozen or more of the dear little ladies who had been torn off by her cruel hands.

"Ah, ah!" sighed one of the ladies, bending over them with a woe-begone face, "if they had been tenderly gathered and taken to make some one glad with their bright colors and sweet perfume—but to be thrown down to die so!" And all wept together, using their little handkerchiefs to hide their faces from the good-natured sun, who wanted to comfort them, and not stopping a minute to listen to the little bird, who, at sight of so many in trouble, chirped, "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up," till he became quite hoarse and out of breath.

Nannie shrank to hide behind a bush, for she did not want them to know it was she who had killed their little sisters. But they must have seen her, she thought, for she heard a loud cry of:

"There she is! There she is!" She sprang up, crying:

"Oh dear—oh dear! I'm very sorry and I'll never do it again."

"Why, it was I that did it, and it's I that am sorry," said Mabel, shaking her head and laughing. "Wake up, Nannie, it's dinner time."

"Did what?" Nannie rubbed her eyes and looked around in great wonder. Then got up and looked very earnestly at the sweet pea vines. But no little ladies were to be seen, only the blossoms waved to and fro in the wind. After returning Mabel's kiss of peace with a very warm hug, she stooped down and pityingly gathered up the withering flowers she had thrown down, and went and put them in water.

"Mamma," she said after her prayers that evening, "do you think the flowers feel sorry and cry when their little sisters die?"

"I cannot tell anything about that, dear, but I don't think they can feel half so sadly as I do, when I see the sweet flowers of love and tenderness torn and dying in little hearts and great, ugly weeds of anger and revenge springing up in their place."—Cincinnati Gazette.

## SHOW YOUR LOVE.

When a man chooses from all the women in the world, one woman to be his companion for life, he solemnly promises before God and man to love her with an affectionate love. And that love should be as real and genuine after they have been married twenty-five or fifty years as it is on the morning of the wedding day. We hardly expect the same outward expression of love in an aged couple as in a newly-married couple. But the love should exist all the same—less demonstrative than in youth, but real and genuine, and manifesting itself in a thoughtful courtesy, a true politeness and a gentle loving toward her who has walked by his side for many years, and with him borne the burdens of life.

You may give your wife costly Christmas or birthday, or wedding anniversary presents; you may furnish her with fine dresses, a beautiful home, costly carriages, and send her to fashionable watering-places, but her heart hungers for something more, even the free, hearty, continued daily affection of your heart. Nothing else can take its place. The other things are valuable only as they are tokens of such affection.

And do not always assume that she knows of your love. God knows that we love him—if thus we do—but he wants us to tell him of it every day. You know that your child loves you, but you never tire of having that child put its little arms around your neck and say, "Papa, I love you ever so much." It will give your wife immeasurable pleasure if you occasionally tell her, with a kiss, that she is dearer to you than ever.—REV. R. T. CROSS in Ex.

## BROKEN WILLS.

The measure of will-power is the measure of personal power. The possession or the lack of will-power is the possession or the lack of personal power. The right or the wrong use of one's trust personality. Hence, the careful guarding and the wise guiding of a child's will should be counted a foremost duty of a parent or teacher who is responsible for a child's training. Yet it is not unusual for a parent or teacher to strive deliberately to break a child's will. Said a fairly intelligent Christian mother, in speaking of the home discipline of her children: "I have a large family of boys. By nature, they are strong-willed [possibly, by inheritance]. But I always see to it that their wills are broken. The time has come with every one of them when a fair issue was made, and I have seen that now was the time to break that child's will. Sometimes, it has been a very hard struggle; but I've always conquered. And, of course, that she has experimental knowledge of baby-tending. That is the lot of comparatively few. Her course of study has given, or should have given her a comprehensive knowledge of physiology, including the development of the teeth, and what it teaches in regard to food for different ages; a practical knowledge of hygiene, including food, baths, dress, ventilation, exercise, and a few general rules in regard to care for the sick; a knowledge of chemistry, including the chemistry of food; a knowledge of psychology, giving her an interest in the development of the mind and the formation of habits. An additional knowledge of other 'isms' and 'ologies' is by no means to be despised. Happy is the mother who has the assurance within her that she is capable of leading her sons and daughters in their studies and occupations until they reach manhood and womanhood, and proud are the children of such a mother."

If, however, the mother instinct, with good common sense, is lacking, neither a college education, nor a liberal education, nor any amount of special training can supply the deficiency. Education or training is only a drawing out or developing the qualities one already possesses, and no system nor teacher nor book can furnish the qualities that go to make a good mother.—LOUISE PROSSER BATES, in Babyhood.

## LITTLE WOMEN.

The seven-year-old daughter of a very busy mother who, in consequence of her husband's early death, was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help. "I can only pray to God and help the dusters," was the child's reply, in all seriousness, but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her; and as years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain. Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under mother's wing, or that of some trusty and reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stems from among the currants, stoning the raisins, buttering the cake tins, and cutting any dough or paste that may be over when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a wine glass! And what a crowning day it is when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make into a dumpling for her own dinner or a nursery feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things! If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work, the world would not hear so much of undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

## WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT.

There are certainly topics enough, one would imagine, without our endlessly discussing trivialities or talking unkindly of our neighbors. If the higher education is to do anything for the woman of the future, let us hope that it will free her from the bondage which makes the trimmings of a gown or the cut of a mantle the most interesting topic under the sun; from the everlasting small patter, the continual dropping on a rainy day of chit-chat about servants; from the paltriness of unkind gossip about her neighbors.

In our presence not long ago a young girl inquired, airily, concerning a young man, "Has he gotten over his convivial habits?" "I never understood that he had any," was the reply.

"Indeed!" rejoined the maiden, with a toss of the head and a set of the mouth which led her listeners to infer that there were depths of depravity of which she could tell if she chose. The scene was in shocking taste, not the less so that the girl evidently thought herself quite justified in stabbing the reputation of the absent by a careless thrust of cruel censure.

The art of conversation, like any other, even more than any other, is susceptible of cultivation. We may envy the facility with which our friend entertains a party in her drawing-room, fancying that such ease and tact can never be ours, yet the secret of grace in conversation is not far to seek.

Forget yourself—self-consciousness is at the root of nearly all the social awkwardness in the world. Have something to say. The talk of well-informed men on any topic about which they converse is nearly always worth listening to. Women equally can be bright, gay, ready, charming, if they are thoroughly furnished.

It would be well to establish a family conversation hour, where something beyond the mere daily happenings might occupy the minds and tongues of the different members of the household.—ROSE EBERGER, in the Christian Intelligence.

## THE NEED OF EDUCATED MOTHERS.

There seems to be a somewhat prevalent opinion that a college education fits a woman for almost any position she may wish to occupy but that of wife and mother. She may with propriety be a teacher, or perhaps a physician; but if she use the same qualities that so well adapt her to be the guardian of the minds and health of the children of others in rearing her own children, her education is deemed as lost or worthless.

The same opinion also exists in regard to girls who, although not college-bred, have received the advantages of a so-called liberal education. Public opinion finds expression in such phrases as "How much better off is she than such-a-one who never had an education?" "She'd better have done something with her education before she settled down."

The place above all others where an educated woman is needed, is the home, especially the home of those in moderate circumstances, where the mother, with a little outside help, does her own work and tends her own babies. The influence of an educated, Christian woman in such a home, can hardly be estimated. If may look to others as if her time had been wasted and her education were useless, but she herself feels the advantage. It is probable she did not have a special training for her duties, but her habits of study, her interest in the advancement of the race, and her desire to do whatever she does in the best possible way, lead her to select the best methods of caring for her children.

We claim that a girl with a college or a liberal education does have a special training for motherhood. Not in the sense, of course, that she has experimental knowledge of baby-tending. That is the lot of comparatively few. Her course of study has given, or should have given her a comprehensive knowledge of physiology, including the development of the teeth, and what it teaches in regard to food for different ages; a practical knowledge of hygiene, including food, baths, dress, ventilation, exercise, and a few general rules in regard to care for the sick; a knowledge of chemistry, including the chemistry of food; a knowledge of psychology, giving her an interest in the development of the mind and the formation of habits. An additional knowledge of other 'isms' and 'ologies' is by no means to be despised. Happy is the mother who has the assurance within her that she is capable of leading her sons and daughters in their studies and occupations until they reach manhood and womanhood, and proud are the children of such a mother."

If, however, the mother instinct, with good common sense, is lacking, neither a college education, nor a liberal education, nor any amount of special training can supply the deficiency. Education or training is only a drawing out or developing the qualities one already possesses, and no system nor teacher nor book can furnish the qualities that go to make a good mother.—LOUISE PROSSER BATES, in Babyhood.

## A MATTER OF CHOICE.

That a woman should lose her family name by marrying, is a relic of times when she was held to be an inferior creature to men. The present century has done a great deal to establish her equality, and in some respects woman herself has proved her superiority to man. However, the Supreme Court of Kansas, perhaps not caring particularly for the one fact or the other, but desiring to show its supreme common sense in all cases, has wisely decided that when a woman marries, she need not take the name of her husband unless she wants to. We take this to mean that the husband may adopt the wife's name if he so choose; or, the decision ought to imply that permission, out of kindness to the human family, since so many of its members are burdened with names that render appeal to legislatures necessary to obtain relief. But the state of Kansas alone can not do justice to the whole United States, and it is to be prayed that all may follow its beneficent example, and give men and women an equal opportunity of choosing a more euphonious cognomen than was thrust upon them in less auspicious times.—Golden Gate.

## DIDN'T ASK HER RIGHT.

Mr. Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon, you said: 'Just in time, John, come take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have accepted such an invitation."

And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly as they do towards the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

Our wants require. And better things than those which we desire. —Dryden.

Beneath a quiet smile may lie A sorrow of the soul That needs a daily victory To hold it in control.

Build these more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shalt thee from leaves of a dome more vast, Till thou shalt reach the height of God's unsetting sea!

—Holmes.

It is surprising how practical duty enriches the fancy and the heart, and deepens the affections. Indeed, no one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any general revelation of it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace infeasible in him until he does it always and with alacrity. Does any one complain that the best affections are transient visitors with him, and the heavenly spirit a stranger to his heart? Ah! let him not go forth on any untried wing of thought in distant quest of them, but rather stay at home and set his house in the true order of conscience, and of their own accord the divinest guests will enter.—J. Martineau.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

## GET IT.

—Help thyself, and I'll help thee.—Geo. Herbert.

There is little influence where there is not great sympathy.

Duties are ours, events are the Lord's.—Samuel Rutherford.

—Be content with your present crosses before you look for others.—Selected.

—They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

—Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—Gollis.

The world is all dust but two nations bear. The good, the bad, and those mixed everywhere.—Reverend A. M. Mouton.

—Any coward or fortune fool may brag or vaunt, but he only is capable of disdain whose conviction that he is stronger than his enemy rests on grounds of reason.—Pericles, B. C. 450.

—Let not knowledge satisfy but that which lifts above the world, which weans from the world, which makes the world a foot-stool.—Spurgeon.

God gives us what he knows Our wants require. And better things than those which we desire. —Dryden.

Beneath a quiet smile may lie A sorrow of the soul That needs a daily victory To hold it in control.

Build these more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shalt thee from leaves of a dome more vast, Till thou shalt reach the height of God's unsetting sea!

—Holmes.

It is surprising how practical duty enriches the fancy and the heart, and deepens the affections. Indeed, no one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any general revelation of it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace infeasible in him until he does it always and with alacrity. Does any one complain that the best affections are transient visitors with him, and the heavenly spirit a stranger to his heart? Ah! let him not go forth on any untried wing of thought in distant quest of them, but rather stay at home and set his house in the true order of conscience, and of their own accord the divinest guests will enter.—J. Martineau.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.

Send postal for Dye Book, Sample Card, directions for coloring Photos, making the finest Ink or Bluing (no cost, a quart), etc. Sold by Druggists. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles, USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents each 25-cent box.



## BITS OF FUN.

## OBSERVED BY OLD CHOCOLATE.

Yo' can't expect to get the wheat befo' yo' blow  
de chaff;  
Yo' gotta shed a tear or two befo' yo' shun a  
laugh.  
Hit takes a month ob shiny days to make a on-  
ion stalk:  
An' men don't drop too bus'ness till dey's had a  
heap ob talk.  
De chile dat wants too stan' upright befo' his  
lans too creep  
Mus' take de bumps an' reek de thumps an' rol  
aroun' an' weep;  
A man dat batters in de spring an' loads roun'  
we'll de  
Yo' bound to winch mighty hard, ef he gets tro at  
all.  
A lidge wuh made too go across, an' w'en a lad-  
dah's foun'  
Ef yo' dea' too reach de top jis' take hit roun'  
by roun'.  
Keep in de paf an' moose erlong, an' dough de cross  
er hot  
Yo' lubbe too beat de man w'at's cut across de  
lot.  
—Judge.

—It isn't too bad to be disappointed in love as in  
marriage.—Boston Courier.

—On a summer's morning, our little Lillie was  
walking with her aunt, and discovered a spider's  
web. She was delighted, and exclaimed, "Oh,  
see! here is a hammock for bugs!"—Christian  
Advocate.

—He (a new arrival at country hotel to un-  
known lady).—Aw—have you been long a captive  
in this—er—menagerie? She—You can hardly call  
me a captive; perhaps keeper would be better; for I am  
the wife of the showman, and have to help feed the  
animals.—Harper's Bazaar.

—Jimmie had been promised a trip into the  
country. "Mamma, are you going out to auntie's  
to-day?" "No, dear; I'm afraid it will rain. Don't  
you see how black the clouds are?" "Yes," (reluctantly)  
"But I don't think they'll leak!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

—Teacher—Annie, haven't I said repeatedly  
that the scholars mustn't chew gum in school? What  
is that in your mouth? Annie—Tooty frooty.  
Teacher—What's tooty frooty, or I'll like to  
know? Annie—Oue cent, ma'am, or three for five.  
—Springfield Union.

—Burton—So you were presented to Prince  
Bismarck in Berlin?  
Bass—Yes, and I was frightened out of my  
wits.

Burton—What did you say?  
Bass—I don't know. I think I asked him if  
he spoke German.—From Time.

—What in creation have you got all those  
chromos hanging in the garden for? asked the  
lady of the house of her gardener. "Sure, ma'am,  
them's out of the seed catalogues, an' I put 'em in  
front of the seeds when I plant 'em, so they kin  
see wh'at kind av crops they's expected to per-  
duce, mum."

—Sanctum Visitor—Yours is an excellent pa-  
per, sir; I have read it regularly for years.  
Editor—I am glad it has won your good opin-  
ion. I trust that you will always like it.

Sanctum Visitor—Like it? Why, my next-door  
neighbor has loaned it to me for so long that were  
he to move away I'd miss it awfully.—Ex.

—He was a married man, and his wife was the  
head of the household. He had a friend who was  
in the same case, only his friend was apparently  
happy and comfortable, while he was just the re-  
verse. He had long studied this peculiar differ-  
ence between them, and finally he mustered up  
courage to go to his friend and ask him: "What  
is the way to be happy," he asked, "when you are  
under a woman's thumb?" "Don't squirm."

—A colored man, riding a mule, was on his  
way to a train and pitched from the track. As soon  
as possible the train was stopped and run back to  
ascertain the result of the accident. The man was  
found looking around in a dazed manner, and said  
firmly: "Yo' jess go away! Talint wuh while to  
come running back hyar arter me. De mule took  
en on de track hisself, en I couldn't help it,  
en I ain't gwine pay no damages 'bout nothin'!"  
—Exchange.

—Caller—I wish to see the lady of the house.  
Bridge—Yis, sor; O'm her. Caller—Are you the  
head of the house? Bridge—Yis, sor. Caller—  
Um—er—You are a servant here, are you not?  
Bridge—Yis, sor; but O'm the boss all the same.  
Yee see, it's this way. The master nomin-  
ates his wife for the lady of the house, but she  
puts me in the kitchen ter run the house. It's  
holy politics, sor. She's Harrison, but O'm  
Blaine.—Ex.

**Chicago Rems.**  
A clothing firm, occupying a prominent corner  
in Chicago, concluded some weeks ago that on  
the first of May it would extend its first floor  
room by leasing the quarters then occupied by a  
German saloon-keeper. The clothing people  
already occupied the floors above the saloon on  
lease, and, by a sort of agreement with the owner  
of the block, had a call on the ground floor  
whenever they were ready to pay the rental de-  
manded. This time having arrived, the manager  
of the clothing store, in order to avoid misun-  
derstanding with the German and possibly to pre-  
vent ruinous competition in bids for the leased,  
called on the saloon-keeper, and in a friendly  
way remarked that he guessed his firm would  
take the store-room after the first of May, and  
that the manager of the beer and pretzels had better  
be looking for new quarters.

"But I don't want to move," protested the  
German.  
"Well, but you'll have to. You're a poor man,  
and we are rich and we can pay three times as  
much for this room as you can. If you go out  
quickly, and make no trouble about it, we'll help  
you find a new place. If you stay here at all  
you'll pay a rent that'll make you sick—mind  
that!"  
"Vell, you come in two weeks and I deli you  
vot I do."

Two weeks later, or shortly before the first of  
May, the manager called again. The German was  
all smiles.  
"Dot's all right, mine vriend. You may schtay  
upstairs, and I'll schtay here. I don't pay no  
rent at all, but you pay sech hundred tolls a  
year more as you paid lasht. I half bought the  
block!"

**Build More Jails.**  
The records of our jails show that eight-tenths  
of their occupants came there directly through the  
use of intoxicating liquor, and the same cause  
operates indirectly in the case of a considerable  
proportion of the other two tenths. The saloons  
are the feeders of the jails. Close the former and  
you may very soon rent the latter. A few years  
since Hampden County found its jail too small,  
and instead of shutting up the saloons the people  
decided to take a few legalize them and build  
a new jail to accommodate their fruit. A  
new jail was built at an expense of \$250,000, con-  
taining 260 cells and the grog shops kept open.  
The result is that the new jail is crowded with 264  
prisoners. The flood of iniquity flows on, and the  
people pay their bills for the benefit of the  
saloonist. Contrast with this the better way.  
The county of Horry, S. C., has for six years  
prohibited the manufacture and sale of liquor as  
a beverage. The result is, all debts are paid,  
there is more than six thousand dollars in the  
treasury, and the jail is empty.—Domestic Jour-  
nal.

## MR. ALCOCK'S VEGETARIANISM.

Mr. Kennedy's recent Concord anecdotes  
have brought to the Listener's hopper the fol-  
lowing story about A. Bronson Alcott:

Mr. Alcott was known to be utterly opposed  
to the eating of meat—a strict vegetarian.  
Nothing would arouse his indignation quicker  
than to bring forward the idea that it was the  
design of Providence for man to subsist on  
animal food. He even refused to taste of an  
egg. Some twelve or fifteen years ago he was  
a welcome visitor in many of the cities of the  
west. His coming was hailed with delight.  
Dinners were given, and clubs extended their  
invitations. He was ready to talk, and others  
were glad to listen. During one of these visits  
he was unusually pale and weary. His hostess  
rallied him upon his favorite theory of vegeta-  
ble diet.

"Mr. Alcott, if you would only live as we  
do you would soon be strong and robust," she  
said. And the old gentleman, with a placid  
smile, made his usual reply.

"And be in danger of becoming a brute?"  
He was a connoisseur in the cooking of oat-  
meal, of which he partook in the morning. At  
this time the lady, feeling sure that his health  
was seriously impaired, resolved to take charge  
herself of his breakfast. She sent for a pound  
of beef, had it slightly cooked, the juice ex-  
tracted, and well stirred into a dish of oatmeal.  
Mr. Alcott ate with unusual relish, and dis-  
couraged eloquently upon the virtue of grain  
that waved in the sun and air. The next  
morning the same dish was repeated, and  
throughout his stay he partook of the pudding  
and beef juice. It was noticeable that he  
gained rapidly in health and flesh, and became  
thoroughly satisfied with the western climate.  
Before he left he remarked:

"Your oatmeal has been very strengthening.  
You must tell me just how it is made, and I  
must take away a package of the meal."

"Mr. Alcott," was the reply, "there is  
genius in good cooking, and it is hard to im-  
part it. Only come again, and you shall find  
the dish equally palatable."

Some days after he had returned home,  
rested and refreshed, Mrs. R. related the story  
in great glee to her own club.—Boston Trans-  
cript.

**Keep Still.**  
In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the fol-  
lowing advice was given to young ministers:  
When trouble is brewing, keep still. When  
slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When  
your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover  
from your excitement at all risks. Things look  
differently through an unquiet eye. In a com-  
motion one wrote a letter, and sent it, and  
wished I had not. In my later years I had an-  
other commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life  
had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that  
letter in my pocket against the day when I could  
look it over without agitation and without tears.  
I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed ne-  
cessary to send it. I was not sure it would do  
any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned to re-  
flect and eventually it was destroyed. Time works  
wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and  
then you will not need to speak, may be. Silence  
is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes.  
It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a  
regiment ordered to stand still in the mid fury of  
battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The  
tongue has unsettled more ministers than small  
salaries ever did, or lack of ability.

**To Kill the Germs of Yellow Fever.**  
Believing that the yellow fever microbes are  
permeated by the ground, as in several  
instances their spread has been stopped by  
street pavements, Thomas A. Edison has been  
experimenting with various chemical substances  
to find the most effective and easily applied for  
the destruction of bacteria most tenacious of life.  
He prefers gasoline as far as his experiments  
have gone. To stop the spread of the fever, he  
would put a "cord" of gasoline around the in-  
fected place. If that don't stop it, nothing can.  
It would cost \$24 to sprinkle a street 250 feet,  
and by 60 feet broad with gasoline, and that  
would kill everything in the soil. Caustic soda  
should be used in the same way. A square yard  
could be covered with caustic soda to a depth of  
one-eighth of an inch for one and one-half cents,  
and no organism could possibly survive it. In a  
room heated to 82 degrees Fahrenheit a coat was  
dipped in rhigoline, and in 15 minutes the tem-  
perature of the coat fell to 23 degrees and the  
coat was covered with heat frost. Now, as cold  
weather is known effectually to destroy the fever  
microbes, this would prove an effective way of  
disinfecting clothing, as the rhigoline will evapo-  
rate within half an hour. Experiment has shown  
that after the gasoline has been applied for ten  
minutes it soaks into the soil and there is no  
danger of its becoming ignited. If the blocks  
where the fever broke out in Decatur and Gaines-  
ville had at once been surrounded by a cord of  
gasoline or caustic soda, \$500 expended in this  
way in each place would have prevented the  
panic.—Ex.

**Overheard on the Elevated.**  
A—Do you know ol' Dusenberry?  
B—He is an old widower with four marriageable  
daughters, who are always trying to flirt with the  
men?

"Yes, that's the man; but he is a worse flirt  
than his girls. He has offered his heart and hand  
to half a dozen different women, but they have  
all jilted him."

"Well, what about him?"  
"There is a good joke about him. Everybody  
is laughing at it."

"Let's have it."

"Well, you see, after the old reprobate had  
been sacked half a dozen times, it occurred to him  
to advertise in The World for a wife. His ad-  
vertisement was to the effect that he was in his  
best years, had ample property, and desired to marry  
a young and accomplished lady, etc., etc. He  
also requested those ladies who desired to com-  
pete, so to speak, to inclose their photographs."

"Did any of them bite?"  
"Oh, yes; he got four answers next day, each  
one inclosing a photograph."

"Well, he is going to marry any of them?"  
"Hardly, for when he opened the letters and  
glanced at the photographs he almost swooned  
away, for the photographs were those of his  
daughters. They say he is cured of his matrimo-  
nial aspirations."—Texas Siftings.

—Are there any objects of special interest  
in this locality? asked a party of tourists of an  
aged rural resident in Missouri. The old man  
reflected a moment, and then said, "Ain't been  
see Sila Dagg's set of triplets, have you? All  
boys, an'—"

"No," he hastily interrupted the  
spokesman of the party, "you don't understand;  
—"

"You'd order go an' see Bob Peterson's  
Be kabine shotes; they ain't but three months old,  
an' they weigh—"

"We are looking for—"

"No, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own, back  
here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape o' a punkin that weighs nine  
into sixty pounds, an' is still growin'." "You  
don't understand; we are looking for beauties of  
nature; choice bits of scenery, etc." "Oh, seen-  
ter? Well, I do not see a little curiosity o' my own,  
back here, in the shape